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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

LONDON,

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON in Ludgate-Street.

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Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier Days
Immortal Heirs of universal Praise!
Oh may some Spark of your celestial Fire
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire

Essay on Crit.

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

EPISTOLA VII.

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem ;
Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
Maecenas, veniam : dum ficus prima calorque
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris :
Dum pueris omnis pater, et metercula pallet ;
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris ;
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet,
Contractusque leget ; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to Auguſt, and (in ſhort)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am ſick,
Why not when I am ſplenetick?
In town, what Objects could I meet?
The ſhops ſhut up in ev'ry ſtreet,
And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors,
And yet more melancholy Whores:
And what a duſt in every place?
And a thin Court that wants your Face;
And Fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The Dog-days are no more the caſe."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then ſouthward let your Bard retire,
Hold out ſome months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
And you ſhall ſee the firſt warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.
My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with diſtinction you beſtow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Juſt as a Scotſman does his Plumbs.
"Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feaſt:
"Eat ſome, and pocket up the reſt—

Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et ſtultus donat quae ſpernit et odit:
Haec ſeges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et ſapiens, dignis ait eſſe paratus?
Nec tamen ignorat, quid diſtent aera lupinis?
Dignum praeſtabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere; reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſta fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti; paſtaque, rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra.

What rob your Boys? thoſe pretty rogues!
" No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs.
Thus Fools with Compliments beſiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your Favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but juſt, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wiſe man always is or ſhou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.
Now this I'll ſay, you'll find in me
A ſafe Companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
I hope it is your Reſolution!
To give me back my Conſtitution!
The ſprightly Wit, the lively Eye,
Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
And kept you up ſo oft till one:
And all that voluntary Vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.
A Weaſel once made ſhift to ſlink
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;

NOTES.

VER. 50. *As when Belinda*] A compliment he pays himſelf and the public on his *Rape of the Lock*.

Cui muſtela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere iſtinc ;
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellor imagine, cuncta reſigno ;
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Saepe verecundum laudaſti : Rexque, Paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens ;
Inſpice, ſi poſſum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

But having amply ſtuff'd his ſkin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the Houſe
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouſe)
Obſerving, cry'd, "You ſcape not ſo,
"Lean as you came, Sir, you muſt go."
Sir, you may ſpare your Application,
I'm no ſuch Beaſt, nor his Relation;
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
Extremely ready to reſign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-ſea Subſcriptions take who pleaſe,
Leave me but Liberty and Eaſe.
'Twas what I ſaid to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my Modeſty, and ſmil'd,
Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
My Bread, and Independency!
So bought an Annual Rent or two,
And liv'd — juſt as you ſee I do;
Near fifty, and without a Wife,
I truſt that ſinking Fund, my Life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Craggs and Child,*] Mr. Craggs gave him ſome South-ſea ſubſcriptions. He was ſo indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. He uſed to ſay it was a ſatisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity.

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, etc.

SATIRA

A little Houſe, with Trees a-row,
And, like its Maſter, very low.
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worſe nor better.
To ſet this matter full before ye,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
But you may read it, I ſtop ſhort.

SATIRE

SATIRA VI.

HOC erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons,
Et paulum silvae super his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret! ut illi,
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule: si, quod adest, gratum juvat: hac prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cactera praeter
Ingenium;

SATIRE VI.

The firſt Part imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. SWIFT; the latter Part added afterwards.

I'VE often wiſh'd that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a year,
A handſome Houſe to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, ſet out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encreaſe my ſtore;
' But here a Grievance ſeems to lie,
' All this is mine but till I die;
' I can't but think 'twould ſound more clever,
' To me and to my Heirs for ever.
' If I ne'er got or loſt a groat,
' By any Trick, or any Fault;
' And if I pray by Reaſon's rules,
' And not like Forty other Fools:
' As thus, " Vouchſafe, oh Gracious Maker!
" To grant me this and t'other Acre:
" Or, if it be thy Will and Pleaſure,
" Direct my Plow, to find a Treaſure:"
' But only what my Station fits,
' And to be kept in my right Wits.
' Preſerve, Almighty Providence!
Juſt what you gave me, Competence:
' And let me in theſe ſhades compoſe
' Something in Verſe as true as Proſe;

Ingenium ; utque ſoles, cuſtos mihi maximus adſis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid prius illuſtrem Satiris Muſaque pedeſtri ?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auſter,
Autumnuſque gravis, Libitinae quaeſtus acerbae.
Matutine pater, ſeu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos vitaeque labores
Inſtituunt, (ſic Dis placitum) tu carminis eſto
Principium : Romae ſponſorem me rapis : Eia,
Ne prior officio quiſquam reſpondeat, urgue :
Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
Poſtmodo, quod mî obſit, clare certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.
Quid tibi vis, inſane ? et quam rem agis ? improbus urguet.

'Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,
'Nor puff'd by Pride, nor ſunk by Spleen.'
In ſhort, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix Months with Stateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the Seas;
Great Miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is Levee-day;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some Wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among a croud."
Another in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,

Iratis precibus. tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Maecenatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt; ne mentiar. at ſimul atras
Ventum eſt Eſquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus. Ante ſecundam
Roſcius orabat ſibi adeſſes ad Puteal cras.
De re communi ſcribae magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminiſſes, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Maecenas ſigna tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et inſtat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Maecenas me coepit habere ſuorum
In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas

Hoc

" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the World ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw ;
When twenty Fools I never ſaw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his Caſe—
That, begs my int'reſt for a Place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cauſe is gone—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About ſome great Affair, at Two—
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
" To get my Warrant quickly ſign'd :
" Conſider 'tis my firſt requeſt.—
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt : —
Then preſently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe ;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew—
" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his Coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that ;
As, " What's o'clock?" And, " How's the Wind?"
" Who's Chariot's that we left behind ?

Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt ? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par.
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent :
Et quae rimoſa bene deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, ſubjectior in diem et horam
Invidiae noſter. ludos ſpectaverit una :
Luſerit in campo : Fortunae filius, omnes.
Frigidus a Roſtris manat per compita rumor :
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit ; O bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audiſti ? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris deriſor ! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid ? militibus promiſſa Triquetra
Praedia Caeſar, an eſt Itala tellure daturus ?

Jurantem

Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the Country Signs;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
" How think you of our Friend the Dean?
" I wonder what some people mean;
" My Lord and he are grown so great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*,
" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of some Folks!
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court;
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
" Or do the Prints and Papers lie?
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?
" 'Tis now no secret —I protest
'Tis one to me— " Then tell us, pray,
" When are the Troops to have their pay?
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

Jurantem me ſcire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
Perditur haec inter miſero lux ; non ſine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam ? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitae jucunda oblivia vitae ?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata, ſimulque
Uncta ſatis pingui ponentur oluſcula lardo ?
O noctes coenaeque Deûm ! quibus ipſe meique,
Ante Larem proprium veſcor, vernaſque procaces
Paſco libatis dapibus : cum, ut cuique libido eſt,
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, ſolutus
Legibus inſanis : ſeu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula ; ſeu modicis uveſcit laetius. ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibuſve alienis,
Nec male necne Lepos ſaltet : ſed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et neſcire malum eſt, agitamus ; utrumne
Divitiis

They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.

THUS in a ſea of folly toſs'd,
My choiceſt Hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my Country Seat!
There leaning near a gentle Brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient Book,
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe Cares that haunt the Court and Town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I ſup, or when I dine,
My Friends above, my Folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The Beans and Bacon ſet before 'em,
The Grace-cup ſerv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and pleaſe,
And ev'n the very Dogs at eaſe!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian ſings,
A Neighbour's Madneſs, or his Spouſe's,
Or what's in either of the Houſes:
But ſomething much more our concern,
And quite a ſcandal not to learn:

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Thus in a ſea, etc.*] Our poet excells his friend in his own way of modernizing Horace. But this way is infinitely inferior to his own. For tho' Horace be eaſy, he is not familiar; or, if he be, it is the familiarity of Courts, which is never without its dignity. Theſe things burleſque verſe cannot reconcile, nor indeed any other, that I know of, but that in the fore-going *imitations*.

Divitiis homines, an ſint virtute beati :
Quidve ad amicitias, uſus rectumne, trahat nos :
Et quae ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ſi quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes ; ſic incipit : Olim
Ruſticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum ;
Aſper, et attentus quaeſitis ; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hoſpitiis animum. quid multa ? neque ille
Sepoſiti ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae :
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, ſemeſaque lardi
Fruſta dedit, cupiens varia faſtidia coena
Vincere tangentis male ſingula dente ſuperbo :
Cum pater ipſe domus palea porrectus in horna
Eſſet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorſo ?
Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere ſylvis ?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes : terreſtria quando
Mortales

Which is the happier, or the wiſer,
A man of Merit, or a Miſer?
Whether we ought to chuſe our Friends,
For their own Worth, or our own Ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very beſt of all?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of two Mice.
Once on a time (ſo runs the Fable)
A Country Mouſe, right hoſpitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouſe at his Board,
Juſt as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouſe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
Knew what was handſome, and would do't,
On juſt occaſion, *coute qui coute*,
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheeſe, ſuch as men in Suffolk make,
But wiſh'd it Stilton for his ſake;
Yet, to his Gueſt tho' no way ſparing,
He eat himſelf the rind and paring.
Our Courtier ſcarce would touch a bit,
But ſhow'd his Breeding and his Wit;
He did his beſt to ſeem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this ſavage Scene!
"For God's ſake, come, and live with Men:

Mortales animas vivunt ſortita, neque ulla eſt,
Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :
Vive memor quam ſis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta
Agreſtem pepulere, domo levis exſilit : inde
Ambo propoſitum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni ſubrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli ſpatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo veſtigia : rubro ubi cocco
Tincta ſuper lectos canderet veſtis eburnos ;
Multaque de magna ſupereſſent fercula coena,
Quae procul exſtructis inerant heſterna caniſtris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veſte locavit
Agreſtem ; veluti ſuccinctus curſitat hoſpes,
Continuatque dapes : nec non verniliter ipſis
Fungitur officiis, praelibans omne quod affert.

" Conſider, Mice, like Men, muſt die,
" Both ſmall and great, both you and I:
" Then ſpend your life in Joy and Sport,
" (This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)
The verieſt Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to ſtrong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall houſe near Lincoln's-Inn;
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordſhips had ſat late.)
Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Deſcription, he might ſhow it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Groteſco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be ſaid,
The Moon was up and Men a bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Gueſts withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice ſat, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from diſh to diſh,
Taſtes for his friend of Fowl and Fiſh;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça eſt bon! Ah goutez ça!*
" That Jelly's rich, this Malmſey healing,
" Pray, dip your Whiſkers and your Tail in."
Was ever ſuch a happy Swain?
He ſtuffs and ſwills, and ſtuffs again.
" I'm quite aſham'd —'tis mighty rude
" To eat ſo much— but all's ſo good.

Ille cubans gaudet mutata ſorte, boniſque
Rebus agit laetum convivam : cum ſubito ingens
Valvarum ſtrepitus lectis excuſſit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave ; magiſque
Exanimes trepidare, ſimul domus alta Moloſſis
Perſonuit canibus. tum ruſticus, Haud mihi vita
Eſt opus hac, ait, et valeas : me ſylva, cavuſque
Tutus ab inſidiis tenui ſolabitur ervo.

LIBER

" I have a thouſand thanks to give —
" My Lord alone knows how to live."
No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall
Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
" A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door —
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
" An't pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,
" This ſame Deſſert is not ſo pleaſant:
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!

LIBER IV.

ODE I.

Ad Venerem.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu
Rurſus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
Non ſum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cynarae. deſine, dulcium
Mater ſaeva Cupidinum,
Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandae juventum te revocant preces.
Tempeſtivius in domum
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comiſſabere Maximi;
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.
Et, quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,

BOOK IV*.

ODE I.

To Venus.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah ſound no more thy ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round Murray all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With ev'ry ſprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.

* This, and the unfiniſhed imitation of the ninth Ode of the fourth Book which follows, ſhew as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epiſtles.

Then

Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiæ
Delectabere tibia
Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacrymo per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,
(Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary ſcene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
There Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my arms;
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd away.

LIBER IV.

ODE IX.

NE ſorte credas interitura, quae
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis;
Non, ſi priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces
Steſichorique graves Camenae:
Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

Part of the NINTH ODE Of the FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you ſhould think that verſe ſhall die,
Which ſounds the ſilver Thames along,
Taught, on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar ſong;

Tho' daring Milton ſits ſublime,
In Spencer native Muſes play;
Nor yet ſhall Waller yield to time,
Nor penſive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long ſince had birth
Ere Cæſar was, or Newton nam'd;
Theſe rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Thoſe, new Heav'ns and Syſtems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they ſchem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld! and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;

NOTES.

Epiſt. to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721. P.

Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lye,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

Secretary of State.] In the Year 1720. P.

EPISTLE

To Mr. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Tranſlation of FRESNOY's Art of Painting.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.

NOTES.

Epiſt. to Mr. Jervas.] This Epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717. P.

How

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art?
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the * work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express
The living image in the painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes,

NOTES.

* Fresnoy employed above twenty Years in finishing his Poem. P.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

To Mrs. BLOUNT,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs, and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
'Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.

Let

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.

The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.

But,

But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or ſickneſs, ſoon or late diſarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay;
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

* Mademoiſelle Paulet. P.

EPISTLE

To the ſame,

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;

Coronation.] Of King George the firſt, 1715. P.

Up

Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-aches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room?
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſigns which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your Romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.

NOTES.

The Baſſet-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it lies in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

As You by Love, so I by Fortune crost;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septleva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.

Upon

Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the Scizars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Raffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*,—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine;
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card.*
In complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave.*
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what agravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.

An

An aukward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Her Shape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my int'reſt, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known Falſhoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright Confuſion open *Rouleaus* lye,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.

Fir'd by the ſight, all Reaſon I diſdain ;
My paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt ;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not *there* be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows ?
Then, when he trembles ! when his Bluſhes riſe !
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes !
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves :
He Loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He Loves !*
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears ;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms :
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt ;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or rattl'ing Dice compares
To *Baſſet's* heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares ?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau ;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet ;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side:
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, etc.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER.

ANSWER to the following Queſtion of Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows.
'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occaſioned by ſome Verſes of his Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A PRO-

A

PROLOGUE

By Mr. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay Fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the ſight?
A common Soldier, who but clubb'd his Mite?

NOTES.

VER. 6. *But pitied Beliſarius, etc.*] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this alluſion, or finelier conducted. And the continued pleaſantry ſo delicately touched, that it took nothing from the ſelf-ſatisfaction the Critic, who heard it, had in his merit, or the Audience in their charity. With ſo maſterly a hand has the Poet proſecuted, in this benevolent irony, that end which he ſuppoſed Dennis himſelf, had he the wit to ſee, would have the ingenuity to approve:

This dreaded Sat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs,
Foe *to his pride, but* Friend *to his Diſtreſs.*

VER. 7. *Was there a chief, etc.*] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital Picture of Beliſarius at Chiſwick, ſupplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Their Quibbles routed and defy'd their Puns*;] See *Dunciad*, Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 13. *A desp'rate Bulwark, etc*] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 268. B. II.

VER. 16. *And shook the Stage with Thunders all his own!*] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 226. B. II.

VER. 17. *Stood up to dash, etc.*] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 173. B. III.

VER. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant* —] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 413. B. II.

Ibid. *or pull down the* POPE!] See *Dunc.* Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 21. *If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage.*] See *Dunc.* Notes on v. 106. B. I.

MACER:

MACER:
A
CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt fought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.

So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own,
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

To

To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, Reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E're ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The

The Flatterer an Earwig grows ;
Thus Worms ſuit all conditions ;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
By all their winding play ;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore !* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies !

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our entrails free ?
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more !
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG.

SONG, by a Perſon of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in my Dominions;
Nature muſt give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V. Gloomy

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian lains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On the Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtopping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

On

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon ;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend !)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly,
An equal mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

" Has ſhe no faults then (Envy ſays) Sir ?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver ;
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gemms, Ores, and Minerals.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtill,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gemms no ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:

VARIATIONS.

After v. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that Iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not Tyranny even to its very entrails Alluding to the condemnation of Criminals to the Mines, one of the inflictions of civil juſtice in moſt Countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was deſcribing a Grotto incruſted and adorned with all ſorts of Minerals collected by the means of commerce from the four quarters of the Globe.

NOTES.

On his Grotto.] The improving and finiſhing his Grott was the favourite amuſement of his declining Years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the diſpoſition and ornaments of this romantic receſs, appears to as much advantage as in his beſt contrived Poems.

Approach

Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach: But awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,*] in his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot paſſions ſtole,

which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much conſequence to any but the parties concerned.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Ægerian Grott,*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his ſyſtem of Politics in this Grott, aſſiſted, as he gave out, by the goddeſs Ægeria.

To

TO

Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of Joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Dye, by ſome ſudden Extaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a Sigh of Love.

To Mr. Thomas Southern,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her harp ſtill to his fingers.
The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.

Notes.

Ver. 6. *A table*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this Nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

Ver. 8. *Preſents her harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Iriſh Linen; ſuch as Table-cloths, *etc.*

May

May Tom, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal and a coach.

NOTES.

VER. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a ſtory Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern firſt wrote for the ſtage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual price till then had been four guineas: But when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him he muſt have ſix guineas for it; "which (ſaid he) young man, is out of no "diſreſpect to you, but the Players have had my goods "too cheap."—We now look upon theſe *Prologues* with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on the Apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere ! VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.

Epitaphs.] Theſe little compoſitions far exceed any thing we have of the ſame kind from other hands; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the reſt of our Author's writings. The nature of the compoſition itſelf is delicate; and generally it was a task impoſed on him; tho' he rarely complied with requeſts of this nature, as we may ſee by the ſmall number of theſe poems, but where the ſubject was worthy of his pen.

Bleſt Sat'riſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

NOTES.

For random praiſe the Work would ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son:
Each Widow aſks it for the beſt of Men;
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds again.

Yet when theſe elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in ſuch ſtrains as ſhew he was equally a maſter of this kind of Compoſition with every other he undertook, as the following lines in the *Epiſtle to Jervas* may witneſs; which would have made the fineſt Epitaph in the world:

Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

II. On

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted in Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ;
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR.
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V. In-

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the Monument in the Abbey erected to ROWE and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

Peace

Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

This SHEFFIELD *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
Was DRYDEN *once: The reſt who does not know?*

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

P.

VI. On

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd!
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heaven's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of praiſe.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori. P.

IX. On

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON.

At Eaſthamſted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms— *Here* lie GAY.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i e in the hearts of the good and worthy. —Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally underſtood. For, by peculiar ill luck, the *formulary* expreſſion, which makes the beauty, miſleads the reader into a ſenſe which takes it quite away.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON, In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Teſtantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

NOTES.

and all was Light.] It had been better—*and there was Light*,—as more conformable to the reality of the *fact*, and to the *alluſion* whereby it is celebrated.

XIII.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!

Is there on Earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

NOTES.

Save my Country, Heav'n] Alluding to the Biſhop's frequent uſe and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father* PAUL, in his prayer for the ſtate, ESTO PERPETUA. With how good a grace the Biſhop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his laſt moments, they will underſtand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly ſkilled in all divine and human learning: He employed his whole life in the ſervice of the *State*, againſt the unjuſt incroachments of the *Church*. He was modeſt, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and juſt; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happieſt compound of Science, Wiſdom, and Virtue.

XIV.

On EDMUND D. of Buckingham,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

Another, on the ſame.

UNDER this marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay of the mortal within:
But, who living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

MEMOIRS

Of the Extraordinary

Life, Works, and Diſcoveries

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION

To the READER.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy Times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember) thou may'ſt poſſibly, gentle Reader, have ſeen a certain venerable Perſon who frequented the outſide of the Palace of St. James's, and who, by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decay'd Gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclin'd to aquiline, his beard neglected and mix'd with grey: All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His Wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as ſtrait as the hair of a River God riſing from the water. His Cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much leſs any linnen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appear'd a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeem'd grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuit*, took him for one, and others believ'd him ſome *High Prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was conceal'd a Mind replete with Science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixt with a ſcorn of doing, or ſuffering the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a Philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the ſame time that his body ſeem'd but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly payed for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt Miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Miniſtry; who, either out of Jealouſy or Envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a Manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant pick'd up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contain'd many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtyle. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The Book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great Philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuſcript

nuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurvey'd me over with a fixt attention, and opening the claſps of the Parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurprize) in Engliſh, as follows;

" Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I em-
" brace thee as my beſt friend; for either the Stars
" and my Art are deceitful, or the deſtin'd time
" is come which is to manifeſt Martinus Scrible-
" rus to the world, and thou the perſon choſen by
" fate for this taſk. What thou ſeeſt in me is a
" body exhauſted by the labours of the mind. I
" have found in Dame Nature not indeed an un-
" kind, but a very coy Miſtreſs: Watchful nights,
" anxious days, ſlender meals, and endleſs labours,
" muſt be the lot of all who purſue her, through
" her labyrinths and mæanders. My firſt vital air
" I drew in this Iſland (a ſoil fruitful of Philoſo-
" phers) but my complexion is become aduſt, and
" my body arid, by viſiting lands (as the Poet has
" it) *alio ſub ſole calentes.* I have, through my
" whole life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes and un-
" known names, to ſkreen myſelf from the envy
" and malice which mankind expreſs againſt thoſe
" who are poſſeſſed of the *Arcanum Magnum.* But
" at preſent I am forced to take Sanctuary in the
" Britiſh Court, to avoid the Revenge of a cruel
" Spaniard, who has purſued me almoſt through
" the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four
" years ago in the City of Madrid in queſt of na-
" tural knowledge, I was informed of a Lady who
" was marked with a Pomegranate upon the in-
" ſide of her right Thigh, which bloſſom'd, and,
" as it were, ſeem'd to ripen in the due ſeaſon.
" Forthwith was I poſſeſſed with an inſatiable cu-
" rioſity to view this wonderful Phænomenon. I

" felt the ardour of my paſſion encreaſe as the ſea-
" ſon advanced, till, in the month of July, I could
" no longer contain. I bribed her Duenna, was
" admitted to the Bath, ſaw her undreſs'd, and the
" wonder diſplayed. This was ſoon after diſcover-
" ed by the huſband, who finding ſome letters I
" had writ to the Duenna, containing expreſſions
" of a doubtful meaning, ſuſpected me of a crime
" moſt alien from the Purity of my Thoughts.
" Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of
" friends, have been purſued, dogg'd, and way-laid
" through ſeveral Nations, and even now ſcarce
" think myſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of
" this Palace. It has been my good fortune to
" have ſeen all the grand Phænomena of Nature,
" excepting an Earthquake, which I waited for in
" Naples three years in vain; and now by means
" of ſome Britiſh Ship (whoſe Colours no Spa-
" niard dare approach *) I impatiently expect a
" ſafe paſſage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To
" thee, my Friend, whom Fate has marked for
" my Hiſtoriographer, I leave theſe my Commen-
" taries, and others of my works. No more—be
" faithful and impartial."

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many Conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away (as I before related) by the jealouſy of the Queen's Miniſtry.

Tho' I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his converſation, he for ſome years continued his Correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his Writings, and recommended

* This marks the time when the Introduction was written.

to

to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him was on occaſion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirſt of knowledge into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered Region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the Hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the Reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the ſtyle will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS
OF
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his birth.

IN the City of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profeſſion an Antiquary; who, among all his invaluable Curioſities,

Memoirs.] Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a ſatire, in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt Authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and *Truth* in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of our Author's friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of the *Firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Polite

ſities, eſteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper-end of his hall. On this was curiouſly traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the Times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: For ſuch was the name of this venerable Perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Caſt from his family.

His wife was a Lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what † Columeſius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in Re-

Polite letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing, which related to *ſcience*; Mr. Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. WIT they had all in equal meaſure, and this ſo large, as no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed it, or *Art* brought it to higher perfection

† Colomeſius relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his Opſcul p. 102. P.

venge ſuffered this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the iſſue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falſehood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Beſides which, her Anceſtors had been profeſſors of Phyſick, Aſtrology, or Chemiſtry, in German Univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact Precautions and Methods he had uſed to procure that Bleſſing: for he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the preſcription of Galen, confining himſelf and his wife for almoſt the whole firſt year to * Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miſcarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwer'd his account; his heart

* Galen Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. P.

being

being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this * Author asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at West, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of Father of the earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air †.

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and, (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determined to set apart several annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effossion of *Coins*, the procur-

* Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

† Religion of Nature, Sect. v. Parag. 15. P. The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule.

ing of *Mummies*; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskius* *. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepar'd for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Concert of Musick once in twenty four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi: and that on a † particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilius Valentinus*.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the Accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great

* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curiosity in that great man's character.

† Ramsay's Cyrus. P. It was with judgment, that the Authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the Ancients from whence he took it. As it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities.

Astrologer,

Aſtrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own ſtreet. The circumſtances of the time and the deſcription of the perſon, made me imagine it might be that univerſal Genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my Conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will.

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inſcription on the Column in the Centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's Order was never performed, becauſe the Executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd ſhe was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-horn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewiſe a * *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of Crabs: This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his Wit. A great ſwarm of † *Waſps* play'd round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room

* Virgil's Laurel. Donat. P.
† Plato, Lucan, etc. P.

beſides: This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *Muſhrooms*: This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *Fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a Swan, and was concluding his ſon would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with Phyſick, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral Nodes of his voluminous tail were diverſify'd with ſeveral branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of Logick, a knot of Metaphyſick, a knot of Caſuiſtry, a knot of Polemical Divinity, and a knot of Common Law, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a Report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cry'd like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Mag-pye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a gooſe, and brayed like an Aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly

particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer *.

CHAP. II.

The Speech of Cornelius over his Son, at the Hour of his Birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the Midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle "him! (quoth he) far be it from me to ſubmit "to ſuch a pernicious Cuſtom! Is not my ſon a "Man? and is not Man the Lord of the Univerſe? "Is it thus you uſe this Monarch at his firſt arrival "in his dominions, to manacle and ſhackle "him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be "free-born? If you have no regard to his natural "Liberty, at leaſt have ſome to his natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he ſpreadeth his "Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as "his Fingers! a power, which in the ſmall circle "of a year may be totally aboliſhed, by the enor-

* Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 35. P.

" mous confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. His " Ears (which other animals turn with great ad- " vantage towards the ſonorous object) may, by the " miniſtry of ſome accurſed Nurſe, for ever lye " flat and immoveable. Not ſo the Ancients, they " could move them at pleaſure, and accordingly " are often deſcrib'd *arrectis auribus*." " What " a devil (quoth the Midwife) would you have " your ſon move his Ears like a Drill?" " Yes, " fool (ſaid he) why ſhould he not have the per- " fection of a Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe. " My dear, I have had many diſputes with you " upon this ſubject before I was a month gone: " We have but one child, and cannot afford to " throw him away upon experiments. I'll have " my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, " and always under my own eye." All the Goſ- ſips with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. " What, bred at home! " Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is " to lead the inglorious life of a Cabbage, to ſuck " the nutritious juices from the ſpot where he was " firſt planted? No; to perambulate this terra- " queous Globe is too ſmall a Range; were it per- " mitted, he ſhould at leaſt make the Tour of the " whole Syſtem of the Sun. Let other Mortals " pore upon Maps, and ſwallow the legends of ly- " ing travellers; the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make " his own Legs his Compaſſes; with thoſe he " ſhall meaſure Continents, Iſlands, Capes, Bays, " Streights, and Iſthmus's: He ſhall himſelf take " the altitude of the higheſt mountains, from the " peak of Derby to the peak of Tenariff; when " he has viſited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Cau- " caſus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's Ark " firſt moor'd, he may take a ſlight view of the

" ſnowy

" ſnowy Riphæans; nor would I have him neglect " Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will deſerve a more " particular attention: I will therefore have him " obſerve with great care Veſuvius, Ætna, the " burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla the " greateſt rarity in the Northern Regions. Then " he may likewiſe contemplate the wonders of the " Mephitick cave. When he has div'd into the " bowels of the earth, and ſurvey'd the works of " Nature under ground, and inſtructed himſelf " fully in the nature of Vulcanos, Earthquakes, " Thunders, Tempeſts, and Hurricanes, I hope he " will bleſs the world with a more exact ſurvey of " the deſerts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet " we are able to obtain: Then will I have him " croſs the ſeven Gulphs, meaſure the currents in " the fifteen famous Streights, and ſearch for thoſe " fountains of freſh water that are at the bottom of " the Ocean."—At theſe laſt words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible Scene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric Fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Docto'rs Son and his Shield, on the day of the Chriſt'ning.

THE day of the Chriſt'ning being come, and the houſe filled with Goſſips, the Levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the Gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this

day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was a Shield; and being possessed of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a most inestimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it *, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; tho' he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the Buckler out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his House-maid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the Child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Antients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my Friends, I purpose to exhibit "my son before you; a Child not wholly unwor- "thy of Inspection, as he is descended from a Race "of Virtuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine "his Features; let the Chirographists behold his "Palm; but above all let us consult for the calcu- "lation of his Nativity. To his end, as the child

* See the Dissertation on Dr. Woodward's Shield.

" is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a " vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my An- " cient Shield, so famous through the Universities " of Europe. You all know how I purchased that " invaluable piece of Antiquity at the great (though " indeed inadequate) expence of all the Plate of " our family, how happily I carried it off, and how " triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inex- " pressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every " circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the " great Melchior Inspidus !"

Here he stopp'd his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who entered the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

" Behold then my Child, but first behold the " Shield: Behold this Rust,—or rather let me call " it this precious Ærugo,—behold this beautiful " Varnish of Time,—this venerable Verdure of so " many Ages——

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle, which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole, the Tremor became universal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, " O God ! " my Shield, my Shield !"

The Truth was, the maid (extremely concern'd for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her Andirons *.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonished, the infant squaul'd, the maid ran in, snatch'd it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happen'd. Down

* Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd.

flairs

ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the Goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary water, Hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awaken'd him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the Shield in the hands of the Houſemaid. "O Woman! Woman! he cry'd (and "ſnatch'd it violently from her) was it to thy ig-"norance that this Relick owes its ruin? where, "where is the beautiful Cruſt that covered thee ſo "long? where thoſe Traces of Time and *Fingers* "as it were of Antiquity? Where all thoſe beau-"tiful obſcurities, the cauſe of much delightful diſ-"putation, where doubt and curioſity went hand "in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpeculations "of the learned? All this the rude Touch of an "ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious* "*Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which ſome "taking for the *Cuſpis* of a ſword, denominated a "Roman Soldier; others accounting the *Inſignia* "*Virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; "behold ſhe hath cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, "and ſhewn to be the head of a Nail. O my "Shield! my Shield! well may I ſay with Horace, "*non bene relicta Parmula.*"

The Goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the Child had no hurt? and cry'd, "Come, come, all is well; what has "the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly "wench I warrant her; what a ſtir a man makes "about a *Baſon*, that an hour ago, before this la-"bour was beſtowed upon it, a Country Barber "would not have hung at his ſhop door." "A *Ba-"ſon!* (cry'd another) no ſuch matter, 'tis no-"thing but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle "broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declared their Aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be com-

forted,

ſorted, aſſuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent Fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Suction and Nutrition of the Great Scriblerus in his Infancy, and of the firſt Rudiments of his Learning.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows. "Wiſely was it ſaid "by Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two "barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which "he never beſtows on Mortals ſeparately, but con-"ſtantly mingles them together. Thus at the ſame "time hath Heaven bleſſed me with the birth of a "Son, and afflicted me with the ſcouring of my "Shield. Yet let us not repine at his Diſpenſati-"ons, who gives, and who takes away; but ra-"ther join in prayer, that the Ruſt of Antiquity "which he hath been pleaſed to take from my "Shield, may be added to my Son; and that ſo "much of it, as it is my purpoſe he ſhall contract "in his Education, may never be deſtroyed by any "modern poliſhing."

He could no longer bear the ſight of the Shield, but ordered it ſhould be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchaſed by Dr. Woodward, who, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Kemp, incruſted it with a new Ruſt, and is the ſame whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his Child. Seldom did there paſs a day without diſputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurſe, concerning the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her ſome diſh or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day ſhe had a longing deſire to a piece of beef, and as ſhe ſtretch'd her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and ſpoke to this effect. "Had'ſt thou read the Ancients, O Nurſe, thou "would'ſt prefer the welfare of the Infant which "thou nouriſheſt, to the indulging of an irregular "and voracious Appetite. Beef, it is true, may "confer a Robuſtneſs on the limbs of my ſon, but "will hebetate and clog his Intellectuals." While he ſpoke this, the Nurſe looked upon him with much anger, and now and then caſt a wiſhful eye upon the Beef — "Paſſion (continued the Doctor, "ſtill holding the diſh) throws the mind into too "violent a fermentation; it is a kind of Fever of "the ſoul, or, as Horace expreſſes it, a *Short Mad-"neſs*. Conſider, Woman, that this day's Suction "of my ſon may cauſe him to imbibe many ungo-"vernable Paſſions, and in a manner ſpoil him for "the temper of a Philoſopher. Romulus by ſuck-"ing a Wolf, became of a fierce and ſavage diſpo-"ſition; and were I to breed ſome Ottoman Empe-"ror, or Founder of a Military Commonwealth, "perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous "Appetite."—What, interrupted the Nurſe, Beef ſpoil the Underſtanding? that's fine indeed—how then could our Parſon preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that? Don't tell me of your Ancients, had not you almoſt killed the poor babe with a diſh of Dæmonial black Broth?— "Lacedæmonian black Broth, thou would'ſt ſay, "(replied Cornelius) but I cannot allow the ſurfeit

"to

" to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was " recommended by the Divine Lycurgus. No, " Nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats " of ill digestion the day before, and that was the " real cause of his disorder. Consider, Woman, " the different Temperaments of different Nations: " What makes the English phlegmatick and me- " lancholy, but Beef? what renders the Welsh so " hot and cholerick, but Cheese and Leeks? the " French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs, " and Mushrooms: I would not let my Son dine " like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should be " jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet " of Spain may be more beneficial, as he might in- " due him with a profound Gravity, but at the " same time he might suck in with their food their " intolerable Vice of Pride. Therefore, Nurse, " in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at pre- " sent, not only Beef, but likewise whatsoever any " of those Nations eat." During this speech, the Nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, ordered that the Child, to avoid the risque of im- bibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with Butter, mix'd with Honey, according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a parti- cular Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a *Sow* with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity,

indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show* of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in prophane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short, the old Gentleman so contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dress. He invented for him a Geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lined with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish: He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much assisted by his Curiosity in *Sign-Posts*, insomuch that he hath often confessed he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the same of Green Men, but had since

ſince found them mentioned by Kercherus, and verified in the Hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the Mathematicks was diſcovered very early, by his drawing † parallel lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal Angles, ſo as to form the whole Superficies into Squares. But in the midſt of all theſe Improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to *write*, having turned away the Writing Maſter becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated ‡, and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtampt with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very firſt day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he

* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. ch. 27. P.

† Paſcal's Life—Locke of Educ. etc. P.——There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for Mathematics in his early youth; and ſome trifling directions given for the introduction to the elements of Science, in Mr. Locke's book of Education.

‡ Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly.

durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old *, and at fourteen he compoſed a Tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger † Pliny had done before him.

He learned the Oriental Languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a Reliſh for the Eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *Thouſand and One Arabian Tales*, and alſo the *Perſian Tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical Traditions of his *Nurſe*.

CHAP. V.

A Diſſertation upon Play-things.

HERE follow the Inſtructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be uſed by his ſon Martin.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy " againſt *Hunger*. Sophocles ſays of Palamedes, " that he invented *Dice* to ſerve ſometimes inſtead " of a dinner. It is therefore wiſely contrived by

* So Montaigne ſays of his Latin — George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à main qu'ils craignoient à m'accoſter.—— Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l' uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d' Artiſans et d' outils.

† Plin. Epiſt. Lib. 7. P.

" Nature,

" Nature, that Children, as they have the keeneſt " *Appetites*, are moſt addicted to *Plays*. From the " ſame cauſe, and from the unprejudiced and incor- " rupt ſimplicity of their minds it proceeds, that " the Plays of the Ancient Children are preſerved " more entire than any other of their Cuſtoms *. " In this matter I would recommend to all who " have any concern in my Son's Education, that " they deviate not in the leaſt from the primitive " and ſimple Antiquity.

" To ſpeak firſt of the *Whiſtle*, as it is the firſt " of all Play-things. I will have it exactly to cor- " reſpond with the ancient *Fiſtula*, and accordingly " to be compoſed *ſeptem paribus diſjuncta cicutis.*

" I heartily wiſh a diligent ſearch may be made " after the true *Crepitaculum* or *Rattle* of the An- " tients, for that (as *Archytus Tarentinus* was of " opinion) kept the children from breaking Earth- " ern Ware. The *China* cups in theſe days are not " at all the ſafer for the modern *Rattles*; which is " an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* ex- " ceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to ſcourge a " *Top*, till I am better informed whether the *Tro-* " *chus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really " our preſent *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the " boys drive with a ſtick. Neither *Croſs* and *Pile*, " nor *Ducks* and *Drakes* are quite ſo ancient as " *Handy-dandy*, tho' Macrobius and St. Auguſtine " take notice of the firſt, and Minutius Fœlix de- " ſcribes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mentioned " by Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

* Dr. Arbuthnot uſed to ſay, that notwithſtanding all the Boaſts of the ſafe conveyance of *Tradition*; it was no where preſerved pure and uncorrupt but amongſt Children; whoſe Games and Plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another.

" The Play which the Italians call *Cinque*, and " the French *Mourre*, is extremely ancient; it " was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Mar- " riage of *Pſyche*, and term'd by the Latins, *digi-* " *tis micare.*

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-* " *farthing*; tho' ſome will have our modern *Chuck-* " *farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the An- " cients. He alſo mentions the *Baſilinda*, or *King* " *I am*; and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide.*

" But the *Chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame Au- " thor is certainly not our *Hot-cockle*; for that was " by pinching and not by ſtriking; tho' there are " good authors who affirm the *Rathapygiſmus* to " be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockles.* My ſon " Martin may uſe either of them indifferently, they " being equally antique.

" *Building of Houſes*, and *Riding upon Sticks* " have been uſed by Children in all ages, *Ædificare* " *caſas*, *equitare in arundine longa.* Yet I much " doubt whether the Riding upon Sticks did not " come into uſe after the age of the *Centaurs.*

" There is one Play which ſhews the gravity of " ancient Education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which " children contended who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill.* " This we have ſuffer'd to periſh entirely; and, if " I might be allowed to gueſs, it was certainly firſt " loſt among the *French.*

" I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidaſcin-* " *da*, which can be no other than our *Puſs in a* " *Corner.*

" Julius Pollux in his ninth book ſpeaks of the " *Melolonthe* or the *Kite*; but I queſtion whether " the Kite of Antiquity was the ſame with ours: " And though the Ορνιθοκομια or *Quail-fighting* is " what is moſt taken notice of, they had doubt- " leſs *Cock-matches* alſo, as is evident from certain " ancient Gems and Relievo's.

" In

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport himſelf " at any Game truly Antique, except one, which " was invented by a people among the Thracians, " who hung up one of their Companions in a " Rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himſelf " down; which if he failed in, he was ſuffered to " hang till he was dead; and this was only reckon- " ed a ſort of joke. I am utterly againſt this, as " barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of " the beauty of the *Greek* names, whoſe Etymo- " logies acquaint us with the nature of the ſports; " and how infinitely, both in ſenſe and ſound, " they excel our barbarous names of Plays."

Notwithſtanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condeſcended to allow the Child the uſe of ſome few modern Play-things; ſuch as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by inſtilling an early notion of the Sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percuſſion* and the *Laws of Motion*; *Nut-crackers* the uſe of the *Leaver*; *Swinging* on the ends of a Board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-ſcrews*, the *Vice*; *Whirligigs* the *Axis* and *Peritrochia*; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops* the *Centifrugal* motion.

Others of his ſports were further carried to improve his tender ſoul even in Virtue and Morality. We ſhall only inſtance one of the moſt uſeful and inſtructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and Conſtancy; the firſt in adhering to the purſuit of one end, the latter in bearing a diſappointment.

Beſides all theſe, he taught him as a diverſion, an odd and ſecret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he ſucceeding ſo well, that he practiſed it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Gymnaſticks, in what Exerciſes Martinus was educated; ſomething concerning Muſick, and what ſort of a Man his Uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius leſs careful in adhering to the rules of the pureſt Antiquity, in relation to the *Exerciſes* of his Son. He was ſtript, powder'd, and anointed, but not conſtantly bath'd, which occaſioned many heavy complaints of the Laundreſs about dirtying his linen. When he play'd at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; becauſe the *Diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports, and common Cuſtoms, but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her Mother, but "the Education of a Son ſhould be the delight of "his Father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpaſtus* of the Ancients, was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the Weſt, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnaſticks*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his Mother he would inſtantly cure it: He ſlit a green Reed, and caſt the Knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjoined place, pronounced

theſe

theſe words *, *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abo, damnauſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her Son to the like dangerous Exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a Dancing-Maſter, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, "for *Socrates* ſaid the beſt Dancers were the beſt "Warriors; but not thoſe ſpecies of Dancing "which you mention: They are certainly Cor"ruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance, which "were utterly diſliked by the founder Ancients. "Martin ſhall learn the Tragic Dance only, and "I will ſend all over Europe, till I find an Anti"quary able to inſtruct him in the *Saltatio Pyr"rhica.* † Scaliger, from whom my ſon is lineally "deſcended, boaſts to have performed this warlike "Dance in the preſence of the Emperor, to the "great admiration of all Germany. What would "he ſay, could he look down and ſee one of his "poſterity ſo ignorant, as not to know the leaſt "ſtep of that noble kind of *Saltation?*"

The poor Lady was at laſt enur'd to bear all theſe things with a laudable patience, till one day her huſband was ſeized with a new thought. He

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. *Caton de re ruſt.* c. 160 P.

† Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem Pyrrhicam, nos ſæpe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non ſine ſtupore totius Germaniæ, repræſentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.* P.

had met with a saying, that "*Spleen*, *Garter*, and "*Girdle* are the three impediments to the *Cursus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauterized, "My son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavi- "ly; therefore I will have this operation perform- "ed upon him immediately. Moreover it will "cure that immoderate Laughter to which I per- "ceive he is addicted: For Laughter (as the same "author hath it, ibid.) is caused by the bigness of "the Spleen." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his Brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the World, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagances. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire Quota of his Viscera. "What does it "signify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew "excells in the *Cursus* or not? Speed is often a "symptom of Cowardice, witness Hares and "Deer."—"Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cor- "nelius) I know that Running has been condemn- "ed by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and "yet Demosthenes could say, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν "μαχήσεται; a thought which the English Hudibras "has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

"That's

" That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray conſider " on the other ſide that Animals * ſpleen'd grow " extremely ſalacious, an experiment well known " in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replyed gravely; " If it be ſo, I will defer the " Operation, for I will not encreaſe the powers of " my ſon's body at the expence of thoſe of his " mind. I am indeed diſappointed in moſt of my " projects, and fear I muſt ſit down at laſt con- " tented with ſuch methods of Education as mo- " dern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for " us all, had we lived in the age of Auguſtus! " Then my ſon might have heard the Philoſophers " diſpute in the Porticos of the Palæſtra, and at " the ſame time form'd his Body and his Under- " ſtanding." " It is true (reply'd Albertus) we " have no *Exedra* for the Philoſophers, adjoining " to our Tennis-Courts; but there are Ale-houſes " where he will hear very notable argumentations: " Tho' we come not up to the Ancients in the " *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or " the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients would have " beat us at *Quoits*, but not ſo much at the *Ja-* " *culum* or *pitching the Bar*. The † *Pugilatus* is " in as great perfection in England as in old " Rome, and the *Corniſh-Hug* in the ‡ *Luctus* is " equal to the *volutatoria* of the Ancients." You " could not (anſwered Cornelius) have produced " a more unlucky inſtance of modern folly and " barbarity, than what you ſay of the *Jaculum*. " § The Cretans wiſely forbid their ſervants Gym- " naſticks, as well as Arms; and yet your mo- " dern Footmen exerciſe themſelves daily in the " *Jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilſt

* Blackmore's Eſſay on Spleen. P.

† Fifty-Cuffs. P.

‡ Wreſtling. P.

§ Ariſtot. politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. P.

" their

" their enervated Lords are lolling in their chariots " (a ſpecies of Vectitation ſeldom us'd amongſt " the Ancients, except by old men.) You ſay " well (quoth Albertus) and we have ſeveral other " kinds of Vectitation unknown to the Ancients; " particularly flying Chariots, where the people " may have the benefit of this exerciſe at the ſmall " expence of a farthing. But ſuppoſe (which I " readily grant) that the Ancients excelled us al- " moſt in every thing, yet why this ſingularity? " your ſon muſt take up with ſuch maſters as the " preſent age affords; we have Dancing-maſters, " Writing-maſters, and Muſick-maſters.

The bare mention of *Muſick* threw Cornelius into a paſſion. " How can you dignify (quoth he) " this modern fidling with the name of Muſick? " Will any of your beſt Hautboys encounter a " Wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their " inſtruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocha- " ris? Have ever wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, " Dolphins, Whales or Turbots, ſhew'd the leaſt " emotion at the moſt elaborate ſtrains of your mo- " dern Scrapers, all which have been, as it were, " tamed and humanized by ancient Muſicians? " Does not * Ælian tell us how the Libyan Mares " were excited to horſing by Muſick? (which " ought in truth to be a caution to modeſt Wo- " men againſt frequenting Operas; and conſider, " Brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either " to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the power " of your Muſick.) Whence proceeds the degene- " racy of our Morals? Is it not from the loſs of " ancient Muſick, by which (ſays Ariſtotle) they " taught all the Virtues? Elſe might we turn New- " gate into a College of Dorian Muſicians, who

* Ælian Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. P.

" ſhould teach moral Virtues to thoſe people. " Whence comes it that our preſent diſeaſes are " ſo ſtubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my " ſciatical pains? Alas! becauſe we have loſt their " true cure, by the melody of the Pipe. All this " was well known to the Ancients as † Theophra- " ſtus aſſures us (whence ‡ Cælius calls it *loca do-* " *lentia decantare)* only indeed ſome ſmall remains " of this ſkill are preſerved in the cure of the Ta- " rantula. Did not § Pythagoras ſtop a company " of drunken Bullies from ſtorming a civil houſe, " by changing the ſtrain of the Pipe to the ſober " Spondæus? and yet your modern Muſicians " want art to defend their windows from common " Nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedæ- " monian Mob were up, they ‖ commonly ſent " for a Leſbian Muſician to appeaſe them, and they " immediately grew calm as ſoon as they heard " Terpander ſing: Yet I don't believe that the " Pope's whole band of Muſick, though the beſt " of this age, could keep his Holineſs's Image " from being burnt on a fifth of November. Nor " would Terpander himſelf (reply'd Albertus) at " Billingſgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the " Hole have any manner of effect, nor both of " them together bring † Horneck to common civi- " lity." " That's a groſs miſtake (ſaid Cornelius " very warmly) and to prove it ſo, I have here " a ſmall Lyra of my own, fram'd, ſtrung, and " tun'd after the ancient manner. I can play " ſome fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I

† Athenæus, lib. xiv. P.

‡ Lib. de ſanitate tuenda, cap. 2. P.

§ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. P.

‖ Suidas in Timotheo. P.

† Horneck, a ſcurrilous Scribler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor*. P.

" were

" were to try them upon the moſt paſſionate crea-
" tures alive."—" You never had a better oppor-
" tunity (ſays Albertus) for yonder are two Ap-
" ple women ſcolding, and juſt ready to uncoif
" one another." With that Cornelius, undreſs'd as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſtcoat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: He touch'd his Lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the Man and of the Muſick, drew the ears and eyes of the whole Mob that were got about the two female Champions, and at laſt of the Combatants themſelves. They all approach'd the Balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera, when ſome favourite Air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his Muſick encouraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never touched his Lyre in ſuch a truly chromatick and enharmonick manner as upon that occaſion. The mob laugh'd, ſung, jump'd, danc'd, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. " Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the " Ionian, in that, you ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of Triumph in the world. " Brother " (ſaid he) do you obſerve I have mixed unawares " too much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it " to the *Lydian*, and ſoften their riotous tempers: " But it is enough: learn from this Sample to ſpeak " with veneration of ancient Muſick. If this " Lyre in my unſkilful hands can perform ſuch " wonders, what muſt it not have done in thoſe of

" a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having said this, he retired with the utmost Exultation in himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetorick, Logick, and Metaphysicks.

COrnelius having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judged it proper in the first place to instruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we shall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his Treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable Discourse Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but conceal'd from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphysicks*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical* Arts, could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble Companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments,

ments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was Cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamster and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural dispostion to sport himself with *Words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and ready money of Fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a Parent, and such a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and Sciences.

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind. That there are many people who have the use only of one Operation of the Intellect, tho', like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: They can form *single apprehensions* *, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense have the others in more perfection, such people will form single Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the Intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however he used to say, that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two Pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immers'd in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from

* When a learned Friend once urged to our Author the Authority of a famous Dictionary-maker against the latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, that he would allow a Dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together.

Material

Material things of the abſtracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himſelf with the Words, and when he could but form ſome conceit upon them, was fully ſatisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his Inſtructor, that All men were not *ſingular*; that Individuality could hardly be prædicated of any man, for it was commonly ſaid that a man *is* not the ſame he *was*, that madmen are *beſide themſelves*, and drunken men *come to themſelves*; which ſhows, that few men have that moſt valuable logical endowment, Individuality †. Cornelius told Martin that a ſhoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had ſeen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never ſaw it cut into ſhoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the moſt lovely individual of the Univerſity. When he was told, a *ſubſtance* was that which was *ſubject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the moſt ſubſtantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *preſent* or *abſent without the deſtruction of the ſubject*; ſince there are a great many accidents that deſtroy the ſubject, as burning does a houſe, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after

† "But if it be poſſible for the ſame man to have diſtinct incommunicable conſciouſneſs at different times, "it is without doubt the ſame man would at different "times make different perſons. Which we ſee is the "ſenſe of mankind in not puniſhing the mad man for "the ſober man's actions, nor the ſober man for what "the mad man did, thereby making them two perſons; "which is ſomewhat explained by our way of ſpeaking "in *Engliſh*, when they ſay ſuch an one *is not himſelf*. "or *is beſides himſelf*." *Locke's Eſſay on Hum. Underſt.* B. ii. c. 27.

his

his natural death was not capable of the leaſt pariſh-office, yet he might ſtill keep his Stall amongſt the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin ſenſible images; thus calling up the Coachman he aſked him what he had ſeen in the Bear-garden? the man anſwered, he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Serjeant in the Guards; the other black, a Butcher; the Serjeant had red Breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Sergeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cor-"nelius) how the fellow runs through the prædi-"caments. Men, *ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair "and black, *qualitas*? Sergeant and Butcher, *re-"latio*; wounded the other, *actio & paſſio*; fight-"ing, *ſitus*; Stage, *ubi*; two a Clock, *quando*; "blue and red Breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warn'd Martin, that what he now *learn'd* as a Logician, he muſt *forget* as a natural Philoſopher; that tho' he now taught them that accidents inher'd in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inher'd in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteriſticks of Relations: Crambe uſed to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not din'd, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the Paternity and Fillation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the Tenth prædicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his cloaths could

could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin ſuppoſed an *Univerſal Man* to be like a Knight of a Shire or a Burgeſs of a Corporation, that repreſented a great many Individuals. His Father aſk'd him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his Fur Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horſe, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor ‡. Cornelius told him that he was a lying Raſcal; that an *Univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte Rei*. But I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clyſters a parte Rei*, but *Clyſters* are *Univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtred has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the Advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: In an advertiſement of a Dog ſtolen or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the

‡ This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſt.* concerning *general and abſtract Ideas*. But ſerious writers have done that Philoſopher the ſame injuſtice.

Genus caninum, &c. Cornelius told them, that tho' thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Greyhound, of a mouſe colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a Lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-colour'd, etc. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a Lady, *proprium*.

Though I'm afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe of Syllogiſms*. He ſuppoſed that a Philoſopher's brain was like a great Foreſt, where Ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds; that thoſe Ideas copulated, and engendered Concluſions; that when thoſe of different Species copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Concluſion. Hence they are called the *præmiſſa*, or Predeceſſors of the Concluſion; and it is properly ſaid by the Logicians *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem*, they *beget* ſcience, opinion, etc. Univerſal Propoſitions are Perſons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are ſaid to be of the firſt *Figure*. Singular Propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of Syllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That

I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſſes follows only a ſingular concluſion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *Individua vaga* are (like whoremaſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily join'd (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the Affirmative propoſitions; the Negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

Crambe uſed to value himſelf upon this Syſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an Abſurdity is a *Monſter*, a Falſity is a *Baſtard*; and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exerciſe the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father, and his other Learned companions of the Sympoſiacks. And as Prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe Diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *Theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the Reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the Innate Deſire of the knowledge of Metaphyſicks was the cauſe of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirm'd.*

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirm'd.*

III. Whether

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirm'd.*

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirm'd.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible Angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent ſye? deny'd.*

VII. If Angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel ſays to another? *deny'd. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *deny'd. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of Innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number; or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the Creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned Perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiæ ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quos res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus. Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project to baniſh Metaphyſics out of Spain, which it was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method: That no

body ſhould uſe any Compound or Decompound of the Subſtantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Subſtantial Forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor Philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many Wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *Eſſences*, which had retired from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *Quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the Gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. He alſo uſed to wonder that there was not a reward for ſuch as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for thoſe who ſhould diſcover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

COrnelius, it is certain, had a moſt ſuperſtitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reaſon was ſo pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the laſt he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquiſhed in a diſpute; from which

which quality he acquired the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Profeſſor of Anatomy was demonſtrating to his ſon the ſeveral kinds of *Inteſtines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impoſſible could ever be miſtaken. It was in vain to aſſure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you pleaſe (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reaſon (anſwer'd the Profeſſor) affirm, that a man's Liver hath five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonſtration (ſaid Cornelius) ſeems to be on your ſide, yet I ſhall not give it up: Show me any viſcus of a human body, and I will bring you a monſter that differs from the common rule in the ſtructure of it. If Nature ſhews ſuch variety in the ſame age, why may ſhe not have extended it further in ſeveral ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antediluvian; of the ſtrength of Samſon, or the ſize of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be poſſible the preſent generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminiſhed the liver by hard drinking. Though it ſhall be demonſtrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Conſider how Luxury hath introduced new diſeaſes, and with them not improbably altered the whole Courſe of the Fluids. Conſider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine that the Microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I

queſtion not but plauſible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplex'd the Profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a Malefactor, he hir'd a Room for its diſſection near the Peſt-fields in St. Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few Houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of Operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipp'd from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſp'd ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his Philoſophy could not prevail upon him to return to his Poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhriek'd, the landlady cried out Thieves: but the Landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the Room. The maid with only a ſingle petticoat ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell

upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſt'ned, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The wife ran into the ſtreet and cried out murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The Watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Juſtice firſt examined Crambe—What is your Name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and your Maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs to imbrue our hands in blood; "we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of "thoſe that never injured us; we rip up big-belly'd "women, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's Confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech:

"May it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the "body of this man, I can anſwer each head that "my accuſers alledge againſt me, to a hair. They "have hitherto talk'd like num-ſculls without "brains; but if your Worſhip will not only give "ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will "not be brow-beaten by the ſupercilious looks of "my adverſaries, who now ſtand cheek by jowl "by your Worſhip. I will prove to their faces, "that their foul mouths have not opened their lips "without a falſity; though they have ſhowed "their teeth as if they would bite off my noſe.

"Now,

" Now, Sir, that I may fairly ſlip my neck out " of the collar, I beg this matter may not be " ſlightly ſkined over. Tho' I have no man here " to back me, I will unboſom myſelf, ſince Truth " is on my ſide, and ſhall give them their bellies " full, though they think they have me upon the " hip. Whereas they ſay I came into their lodg- " ings, with arms, and murdered this man with- " out their Privity, I declare I had not the leaſt " finger in it; and ſince I am to ſtand upon my " own legs, nothing of this matter ſhall be left till " I ſet it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, " I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this " uſage: I ſhall not ſpare my lungs to defend my " good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; " and I think I have the bowels of compaſſion. I " aſk but juſtice, and from the crown of my head " to the ſoal of my foot I ſhall ever acknowledge " myſelf your Worſhip's humble Servant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begg'd to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the Finiſher of human laws, of whom the Corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. " What Dæmon, he " cried, hath poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never " forſake that impertinent cuſtom of punning? " Neither my counſel nor my example have thus " miſled thee; thou governeſt thyſelf by moſt er- " roneous Maxims." Far from it (anſwers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months,

and

and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word: but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *Led?* Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses fee-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Ass are bride-led, an old married Man and a Pack-horse sad-led, Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious — Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable — There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your Day for *Uns*. Martin could bear no longer — however, composing his Countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words: —O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd.— Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great Critick.

IT was a moſt peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a ſerious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceived, that ſomewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *aſſembling parallel ſounds*, either *ſyllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if applied to their Works, with the ſame *diligence*, and the ſame *liberty*. He reſolved to try firſt upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *moſt correct* Authors could be ſo ſerved with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the reſt* would eaſily follow; whereby a new, a vaſt, nay boundleſs Field of Glory would be opened to the true and *abſolute Critic*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton publiſhed in the name of the former of theſe, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon Practice of Phyſick, and how he apply'd himſelf to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the Hiſtory of the Progreſs of Martinus in the Studies of Phyſick, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many Diſcoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of the firſt was his Method of inveſtigating latent Diſtempers, by the ſagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The ſucceſs, and the Adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe Animals, to ſmell them out in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *Liſt of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the Repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both Houſes of Parliament, intitled, *A Propoſal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

But being weary of all practice on *fœtid Bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of Conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr. Woodward thro' a Twelvemonths courſe of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out Specificks for all the *Paſſions*; and as other Phyſicians throw their Patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, etc. he caſt them into Love, Hatred, Hope, Fear,

Fear, Joy, Grief, etc. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Paſſions in the Engliſh Nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *Anatomy*. He conſider'd *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies becauſe it has Wings, a Duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles * in Lions and Tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual Immorality of thoſe Animals.

1ſt, He obſerved, that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that Paſſion, you will in time abate the Paſſion itſelf, in like manner as Caſtration abates Luſt.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expreſſeth every Paſſion by the Motion of ſome particular *Muſcles*.

3dly, That all Muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual Paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the Muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that Paſſion.

4thly, That a Muſcle may be ſtrengthen'd or weaken'd by weakning or ſtrengthening the force

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

of

of its Antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed, he took notice,

That *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he obſerved that complaiſant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great over-ballance of ſtrength in the Extenſors of the Neck and the Muſcles oft he Back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquir'd the Title of *ſtiff-neck'd*: In order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of Muſcles called *Recti interni*, the Maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body muſt be ſtrengthen'd; their Antagoniſts, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extenſors of the Spine weaken'd: For which purpoſe Nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this Muſcular Immorality by tying ſuch fellows *Neck and heels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Cuſtom of Mothers, who aboliſh the natural Signature of Modeſty in their Daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *Poſture of the Head* of ſuch as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muſcles ſo ſtrong that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might in ſome meaſure be corrected by being tied down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirm'd

confirm'd by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores Scapulæ:* This Muſcle is called the Muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of Mind people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *Henpeck'd Huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh Miniſters*.

In purſuance of his Theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *Eye-lids*, muſt be ſtrengthen'd in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteddy and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Noſe*, were two ſtrong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Noſe*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the paſſion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking thro' glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cur'd by relaxing medicines applied to the *Calves* of their *Legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

But there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many Muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The ſecond caſe was immoderate *Laughter:* When any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of Muſcles theſe laughing Raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the Diaphragm and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſphærical convexity of

of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſucceſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and give ſuch Patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The Caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, with the Doctor's Preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent Inſtance of Martinus's Sagacity in diſcovering the Diſtempers of the Mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at Court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but Flatterers, Poets, and Pick-pockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *Love*.

His friends aſſured him that they had with great care obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no Woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be? "(ſaid his Aunt, who came to aſk the advice) "when he converſes almoſt with none but him-"ſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed, people do not enough attend this Diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure

with the other: especially since here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people, who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nurs'd by such Mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses? "O Lord! Sir, "(quoth the Aunt) the house is haunted with "them."—There it is (replied Scriblerus) those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my Nephew is not auk-"ward."-Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the Ladies so—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt.—— Whose wit and breeding does he most commend? His own, quoth the Aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himself.—Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himself.—— Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass.—Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest with a smile of himself as he passes by.—Does he ever steal

a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you obſerved him to uſe Familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he often embraces himſelf with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his hip, nay ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

Madam, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any Love-toys; ſuch as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo (ſaid the Aunt) but he bought the other day a very fine brillant diamond Ring for his own wearing."---Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpoſe---Pray Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themſelves with reſpect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you ſhake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear."---Then the caſe is plain: he has the true Pathognomick ſign of Love, *Jealouſy*; for no body will ſuffer his miſtreſs to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this Caſe is extremely dangerous. There are ſome people who are far gone in this paſſion of ſelf-love; but then they keep a *very ſecret Intrigue* with themſelves, and hide it from all the world beſides. But this Patient has not the leaſt care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright ſcandalous in his behaviour with himſelf; he is enchanted, bewitch'd, and almoſt paſt cure. However let the following methods be try'd upon him.

Firſt, let him ***Hiatus.*** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, ſhun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiſs if he travelled over England in a Stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-ſcoute. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-caſes (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has received from himſelf. Let ſome knowing friend repreſent to him the many vile Qualities of this Miſtreſs of his: let him be ſhewn that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morſel of bread: Let it be proved, that he has been falſe to himſelf, and if Treachery is not a ſufficient cauſe to diſcard a Miſtreſs, what is? In ſhort let him be made to ſee that no mortal beſides himſelf either loves or can ſuffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glaſſes, poliſhed Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all thoſe tender airs, affected ſmiles, languiſhing looks, wanton toſſes of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, ſoft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him ſurprize the Beauty he adores at a diſadvantage, ſurvey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling Animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the Letters, Dedications, etc. aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of Women. If all this will not do, I muſt e'en leave the poor man to his deſtiny.

deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the Fate of moſt violent Self-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the Seat of the Soul, and of his Correſpondence with the Free-Thinkers.

IN this Deſign of Martin to inveſtigate the Diſeaſes of the Mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an Enquiry after the *Seat* of the *Soul*; in which at firſt he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the Brain, ſometimes in the Stomach, and ſometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral Offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this Hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform ſeveral operations by her little Miniſters, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, and Profeſſions. Thus in Epicures he ſeated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philoſophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fidlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the

different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highwaymen and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these Enquiries into the *Seat* of the *Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *The Society of* Free-Thinkers *greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employ'd, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly called the *Soul*: Since after all your enquiries, it will

will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the Reſidence of ſuch a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming Philoſophers. Is it not *Demonſtration* to a perſon of your ſenſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded Sophiſms of thoſe crack-brain'd fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *Perception* or *Thinking*.

* One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of Matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* Quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: So in an Animal, the Self-conſciouſneſs is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roaſting in a Jack) but the reſult of ſeveral Modes or Qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, etc. make one Jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this Animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the Jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, etc. are the ſeveral Modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, etc. are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general Quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral mo-

* This whole Chapter is an inimitable ridicule on *Collins*'s arguments againſt *Clarke*, to prove the ſoul only a Quality.

difications as to beef, mutton, pullets, etc. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; ſo neither does Conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral Modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, etc. inhere in any one, but as the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole Animal.

Juſt ſo, the Quality or Diſpoſition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral Modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Inſtrument, as the Thought or the Imagination is in the mind of the Perſon that compoſes them.

The Parts (ſay they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of Individual Conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, muſt not only be conſcious, but conſcious that it is the ſame being with the particle B that went before.

We anſwer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be underſtood in no other ſenſe than that maxim of the Engliſh Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, ſelf-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Succeſſor; who, as ſoon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which ſtill preſerves the Unity of the whole Syſtem.

They make a great noiſe about this Individuality: how a man is conſcious to himſelf that he is the ſame Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithſtanding the flux ſtate of the Particles of matter that compoſe his body. We think this is ca-

Pable of a very plain anſwer, and may be eaſily illuſtrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worſted ſtockings, which his maid darn'd ſo often with ſilk, that they became at laſt a pair of ſilk ſtockings. Now ſuppoſing thoſe ſtockings of Sir John's endued with ſome degree of Conſciouſneſs at every particular darning, they would have been ſenſible, that they were the ſame individual pair of ſtockings both before and after the darning; and this ſenſation would have continued in them through all the ſucceſſion of darnings: and yet after the laſt of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the firſt pair of ſtockings, but they were grown to be ſilk ſtockings, as was ſaid before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conſcious of ſome individual ſelf-moving, ſelf-determining principle; it is anſwered, that, as in a Houſe of Commons all things are determined by a *Majority*, ſo it is in every Animal ſyſtem. As that which determines the Houſe is ſaid to be the reaſon of the whole aſſembly; it is no otherwiſe with thinking Beings, who are determined by the greater force of ſeveral particles; which, like ſo many unthinking Members, compoſe one thinking Syſtem.

And whereas it is likewiſe objected, that Puniſhments cannot be juſt that are not inflicted upon the ſame individual, which cannot ſubſiſt without the notion of a ſpiritual ſubſtance: We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewiſe a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the Brain, the ſeveral Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomiſts that the Brain is a Congeries of Glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of

of the blood, called Animal Spirits; that a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the Ariettaion and Motion of the Spirits in thoſe Canals, proceed all the different ſorts of Thoughts. Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one Simple Canal; when two of theſe Canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a Propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional Chanels empty themſelves into a third, they form a Syllogiſm, or a Ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the Brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe Glands. Some for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical Canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling genius's, weak and ſmall; in the over refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our Hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our Members, a great Virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chemical liquor reſembling blood, is driven thro' elaſtick chanels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles. And we are perſuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the

the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your Country Parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, etc.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his Maſter by no means to enter into their Society, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the Seceſſion of Martinus, and ſome Hint of his Travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *Travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou ſhalt know then, that in his firſt Voyage he was carried by a proſperous Storm, to a Diſcovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* Empire.

That in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhipwreck'd on the Land of the *Giants*, now the moſt humane people in the World.

That

That in his third Voyage, he discover'd a whole Kingdom of *Philosophers*, who govern by the *Mathematicks*; with whose admirable Schemes and Projects he returned to benefit his own dear Country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almost to a Disgust of his Species; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Resolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to subject the Lands he discovered to the *Crown* of *Great Britain*.

Now if, by these hints, the Reader can help himself to a farther discovery of the Nature and Contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the tyes of honour, not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary Voyages, into such very extraordinary Nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain* of a *Merchantman*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall farther observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *Love* of *Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard* to *Truth*, that *Passion* for his *dear Country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess Queen *Anne*; surely that man deserves to be pitied, if by all those visible Signs and Characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus* *.

* *Gulliver's Travels* were first intended as a part of Scriblerus's Memoirs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Diſcoveries and Works of the Great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

HERE therefore, at this great Period, we end our firſt Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs Field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the Earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet may'ſt owe, to this excellent Perſon, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called *The Philoſopher of Ultimate Cauſes*, ſince by a Sagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcover'd Effects in their very Cauſe; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Obſervations, hath been the Inventor of moſt of the modern Syſtems and Hypotheſes.

He hath enriched Mathematicks with many preciſe and geometrical *Quadratures* of the *Circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *Cauſe* of *Gravity*, and the inteſtine *Motion* of *Fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations on the *Parallax* of the *Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories* of the *Deluge*.

He it was, that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and ſometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in reſolving the grand Phænomena of Nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *Palpability* of *Colours*; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could diſtinguiſh

diſtinguiſh the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of diſcovering the *Longitude* by *Bomb-Veſſels*, and of encreaſing the *Trade-Wind* by vaſt plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his Philoſophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A compleat Digeſt of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renew'd and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Univerſe, according to the Epicurean Hypotheſis.

3. An Inveſtigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecifick Gravity of ſolid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical Obſervations of the Figure and Bulk of the conſtituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the Earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will laſt before it be burn'd out.

6. A Method to apply the Force ariſing from the immenſe Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our earth? To which is ſubjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, conſidering that they paſs a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonſtration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over thoſe of the Moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The number of the Inhabitants of London determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingeſta* and *Egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the univerſal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The firſt was a Propoſal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immenſe Light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary

dinary practice of *Physick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a Menstruum to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water*. His also was the device to relieve Consumptive or Asthmatic persons by bringing fresh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the Native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life*; and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts of Painting, Architecture, Musick, Poetry, etc. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Likeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Music*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In

In *Poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Caſt, for the moſt part Ironical, and the Drift of them often ſo delicate and refin'd as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far as to write a Perſuaſive to people to eat their own Children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written againſt *Liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sydney*, in vindication of the Meaſures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praiſe of *Corruption* under thoſe of *Cato* and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a Bog-houſe near St. *James*'s. Some however have been with great diligence recover'd, and fiſh'd up with a hook and line, by the Miniſterial Writers, which make at preſent the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judged beneficial to Mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other in which Oſtentation had no part. With what incredible Modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to Friends, Projects of Firſt Miniſters, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Course of these Memoirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concerned as *Plagiaries*, to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as Persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.

The End of the First Book.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the Year 1727.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the ſubject of my concern and ſurprize, that whereas numberleſs Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digeſted the Art of ancient Poeſy, there hath not ariſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every-way induſtrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid Ancients.

Nevertheleſs, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or Sublime; no tract has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our Βάθος, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make uſe of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing Genius's of this age are wandering (as I may ſay) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poeſy!

When I conſider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our Low-

lands of Parnaſſus, the flouriſhing ſtate of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which adminiſter great occaſion of ſurprize: The one, that all dignities and honours ſhould be beſtowed upon the exceeding few meager inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation ſhould have arrived to that pitch of greatneſs it now poſſeſſes, without any regular Syſtem of Laws. As to the firſt, it is with great pleaſure I have obſerved of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement among mankind, who are become too reaſonable to require that we ſhould labour with infinite pains to come up to the taſte of theſe Mountaineers, when they without any may condeſcend to ours. But as we have now an unqueſtionable Majority on our ſide, I doubt not but we ſhall ſhortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already ſo much reliſhed, encouraged, and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to ſupply our former defect, I purpoſe to collect the ſcattered Rules of our Art into regular Inſtitutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predeceſſors the Maſter of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more ſucceſs than has attended even thoſe great Critics; ſince their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been ſlackly executed, and their Precepts (however ſtrict) obey'd only by fits, and by a very ſmall number.

At the ſame time I intend to do juſtice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnaſſus; who, taking advantage of the riſing ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbiſh, dirt and ſtones upon us, never ſuffering us to live in peace.

Theſe

Theſe men, while they enjoy the cryſtal ſtream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our ſtars) tho' it is ſomewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greateſt injuſtice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the leaſt attempt or inrode into Their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim ſome of which ſtolen goods is part of the deſign of this Treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt Adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally neceſſary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt *new* Models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differ'd *toto cœlo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taſte of Man, and in particular, of the preſent Age.

THE Taſte of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till, perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to reliſh the Sublime. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved how faſt the general Taſte is returning to this firſt Simplicity and Innocence; and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we ſhall find thoſe who have a taſte of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppiſh Guſto, whom after all it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and 'tis ſtill more chimerical to write for Poſterity, of whoſe Taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe Applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et prodeſſe volunt et delectare Poetæ.

Their true deſign is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtring pleaſure to the reader: From whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* Taſte. And

I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high Reliſh in Poetry, but are in this one Taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If an Art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good Poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheleſs, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius's of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe Princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The Neceſſity of the Bathos, phyſically conſidered.

FArthermore, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome Poetical Evacuation, and, no

queſtion, was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *Naſcimur Poetæ*. Therefore is the Deſire of Writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the "Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the "Brain," and the Perſon is ſaid to conceive; now ſuch as conceive muſt bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly paſſions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt Poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the State. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condenſed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and againſt the Miniſter: Nay, I know not but many times a piece of Poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a Miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt that *Mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the ſingle authority of that * Horace? Why ſhould the golden Mean, and quinteſſence of all Virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this Art? or Coolneſs or Mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in a Man, and ſo deteſtable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe Writers with thoſe great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh

* *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non di, non homines, etc. Hor. P.

Author calls it) an "Alacrity of ſinking;" and who by ſtrength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Neceſſity of Rules to theſe leſſer Genius's, as well as the Uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making Dikes, as in raiſing Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his ſight, and furniſhing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we ſearch the Authors of Antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos a Genius is requiſite; yet the Rules of Art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who

is

is amongſt the loweſt of the Creation, at the very bottom of the Atmoſphere, to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk unleſs he calls in Art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the Bathos as with ſmall Beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our Rules confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, etc. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treaſures of the Deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer uſe of Man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a ſolution, why common Senſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern Critics and Authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true Genius of the Profund, and by what it is conſtituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent Foe to Wit, and Deſtroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Senſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and

and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a Groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by heads or tails, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surpriſing*; our author ſhall produce the Credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity; and the Surpriſing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour ſelling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a Philoſopher; and a fine Gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern Plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and, at the ſame time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality.*

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things.* How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe dzily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and Magicians on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's

head

head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For Example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue luteſtring, or a child's mantle.

* *The Skies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,*
Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a troubled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner:

† *The Ocean, joy'd to ſee the tempeſt fled,*
New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed.

The Triumphs and Acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Univerſe, preſent to his imagination "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's "Day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making il-

* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

† P. 14.

N. B. In order to do Juſtice to theſe great Poets, our Citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct Editions of their Works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in *Duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth Edition reviſed. P.

luminations,

luminations, and flinging squibs, crackers and sky-rockets.

* *Glorious Illuminations, made on high*
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry show'rs and glitt'ring rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.

If a man who is violently fond of *Wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

† *Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,*
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in this way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

‡ *Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,*
A Phœnix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laud-

* P. 50.
† A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary.
‡ Anon.

able

able zeal, is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all Beings is represented in the following images:

First he is a PAINTER.

* *Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,*
Spreads forth his clouds, his ſable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heav'nly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the ſight.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

† *Th' Almighty Chemiſt does his work prepare,*
Pours down his waters on the thirſty plain,
Digeſts his light'ning, and diſtils his rain.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

‡ *Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,*
And with ſuch mighty force my body ſhook,
That the ſtrong graſp my members ſorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my ſinews loos'd.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

§ *For clouds, the ſun-beams levy freſh ſupplies,*
And raiſe recruits of vapours, which ariſe
Drawn from the ſeas, to muſter in the ſkies.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

‖ *In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,*
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

+ *Job, as a vile offender, God indites,*
And terrible decrees againſt me writes.

* Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
† Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 263.
‡ Page 75.
§ P. 170.
‖ P. 70.
+ P. 61.

God

God will not be my advocate,
My cauſe to manage or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

* *Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,*
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

Then a FULLER.

† *th' exhaling reeks that ſecret riſe,*
Born on rebounding ſun-beams thro' the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heav'nly fleece.

A MERCER, or PACKER.

‡ *Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,*
And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;

Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

§ *He meaſures all the drops with wondrous ſkill,*
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles fill.

And a BAKER.

‖ *God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,*
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.

* P. 181.
† P. 18.
‡ P. 174.
§ P. 131.
‖ Blackm. Song of Moſes, p. 218.

CHAP. VI.

Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each.

I Doubt not but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red herring. And seldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal Genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector

collector of ſhells, a laborious and tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the Bathos.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious Genius's under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fiſhes:* Theſe are writers who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies.* L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Oſtridges* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them to raiſe themſelves from the ground; their wings are of no uſe to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very faſt.* D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's* words, in ſuch a hoarſe odd voice, as makes them ſeem their *own.* W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themſelves long out of ſight, under water, and come up now and then where you leaſt expected them. L. W. G. D. Eſq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoiſes* are unweildy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempeſt, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is ſeldom) they are only ſhapeleſs and ugly monſters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are ſuch as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noiſe whenever they thruſt their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Eſq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obſcure authors, that wrap themſelves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoiſes* are ſlow and chill, and, like paſtoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the moſt part a fine embroidered Shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B.

L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

Theſe are the chief *Characteriſticks* of the *Bathos*, and in each of theſe kinds we have the comfort to be bleſſed with ſundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Iſland.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Profund, when it conſiſts in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiarizing his mind to the loweſt objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Converſation will greatly contribute. Theſe is no queſtion but the Garret

ret or the Printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The Physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature,

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is (tho' some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalness or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low Expression: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the Thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

* *She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless dame!*
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.

What can be more easy and unaffected than the Diction of these verses? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

† *Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,*
And thought herself just risen from the waves.

* Anon. † Idem.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chaſe, who (ſaith the Poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itſelf,

* *None but Himſelf can be his Parallel.*

Unleſs it may ſeem borrowed from the Thought of that Maſter of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt Elephant in the world, except Himſelf.

However, our next inſtance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy Mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

Firſt he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and laſtly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

Another author, deſcribing a Poet that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of Critics,

Thus Phœbus thro' the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid Mon. ers riſes into day.

* Theobald, Double Falſhood.

What

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be p'eaded that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring genius's, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Profund, conſiſting in the Circumſtances, and of Amplification and Periphraſe in general.

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

The circumſtances which are moſt natural are *obvious*, therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar. But thoſe that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurprize prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all, preſerve a laudable *Prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For Choice and Diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently of the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "He washed his feet "in butter," (a circumstance some Poets would have softened, or past over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great Genius.

* *With teats distended with their milky store,*
Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
Their painful burden to unload did meet,
That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

† *In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,*
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some deeply red *and others* faintly blue.

Could the most minute Dutch-painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

‡ *His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoaking plain,*
And knots *of* scarlet ribbond *deck his mane.*

Of certain Cudgel-players:

§ *They brandish high in air their threatning staves,*
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *staves.*
In which they fix their hazle weapon's end.

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole life at Wakes in such laudable diversions?

* Blackm. Job, p. 133.
† Ir. Arth. p. 89.
‡ Anon.
§ Pr. Arth. p. 197.

since

ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a Cudgel!

Periphraſe is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couch'd, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is that the author can poſſibly mean, and a ſtrange ſurprize when he finds it.

The Poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

* *A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,*
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which by a freſh ſtream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great crowd.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

† *Nature's Confectioner,*
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchemy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

‡ *Little Syren of the ſtage,*
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that ſunk finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the moſt of a Thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and ſpreads it in the

* Job, p 78.
† Cleveland.
‡ A. Philips to Cuzzona.

fineſt

fineſt thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt Romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the ſize of a primmer.

In the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt "thou commanded the morning, and cauſed the "day-ſpring to know his place?" How is this extended by the moſt celebrated Amplifier of our age.

* *Canſt thou ſet forth th' etherial* mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light ſupply?*
Is the celeſtial furnace *to thee known,*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treaſures, from which I dealt out light as faſt,
As all my ſtars and laviſh ſuns can waſte.

The ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trem-"bles. He touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

† *The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright*
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faſter: After this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

* Job, p. 108.
†. P. 267.

CHAP.

CHAP IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E—n of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; How would Sir Richard have ſaid this? Do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Amb. Philips? Or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr. Welſted?

But it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our Proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime*: Yet is not this a paradox? As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge the colour, by ſome ingenious Circumſtance or Periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe Figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

Horrificis

Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit.
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our writers as underſtand not Latin) Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh Poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic*.

* *Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find*
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and tort'ring pain:*
Lab'ring, they caſt their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *ſpread the ground.*

Horace, in ſearch of the Sublime, ſtruck his head againſt the Stars †; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent Modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is when we force to our own purpoſes the Thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the Imperfections, or Blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a Play profeſſedly writ in the ſtyle of Shakeſpear; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter Lieutenant.

And ſundry poems in imitation of Milton, where with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, em-

* Pr. Arthur, p 75.
† *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

broider'd

broider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that, like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions*: But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquility of Mind*, (and sure it is a better design to promote *sleep* than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and the *Opiats* of Poesy, of the Cool, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods used by our authors in managing the Passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the use of *Wit* in expressing passion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes* on such occasions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent Transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that, to move Anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a silly passion,

ſion, of which as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *Abuſe of Speech*. They thought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but (if poſſible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the Figures muſt be ſo turn'd, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful Caſt of Head which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind; or (as I may ſay) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

It would be endleſs, nay impoſſible to enumerate all ſuch Figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Claſſes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reverſing Tropes and Figures.
II. The Magnifying, and
III. The Diminiſhing,

We cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman Names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the Beard,
Shave the Graſs,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a raſor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inverſion of Cauſes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, etc.

*Lac'd in her * Coſins new appear'd the bride,*
A † Bubble-boy and ‡ Tompion at her ſide,
And with an air divine her § Colmar play'd:
Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a ſmart ‖ Toupee.

The SYNECHDOCHE,

which conſiſts, in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes Pretty-*face* and Pigs *eyes*, and ſometimes Snotty-*noſe* and Draggle-*tail*. Or of Accidents for Perſons; as a Lawyer is called Split-cauſe, a Taylor Prick-louſe,

* Stays. † Tweezer-caſe. ‡ Watch. § Fan. ‖ A ſort of Perriwig: All words in uſe in this preſent Year 1727. P.

etc.

etc. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *Sword*-man, a *Gown*-man, a *T-m-T-d*-man; a White-*Staff*, a Turn-*key*, etc.

The Aposiopesis.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What "shall I say?" when one has nothing to say; or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The Metaphor.

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

* *The* Lords above *are* angry *and* talk big.

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

† *Tho' he (as said) may Riches* gorge, *the Spoil*
Painful in massy Vomit *shall* recoil,
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own Ordure, *cast with scorn away.*

The Second, that, whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negotiation, follow it in this manner.

‡ *The stones and all the elements with thee*
Shall ratify *a strict* confederacy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy *for peace*;
His plighted faith *the Crocodile shall keep*,
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.

* Lee Alex. † Blackm. Job, p. 91. 93.
‡ Job. p. 22.

Or if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

* Envoys *and* Agents, *who by my command*
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom commiſſions *I have given,*
To manage there the intereſts *of heaven:*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name:
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct and broad;
For I in perſon *will my people* head;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majeſty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confed'rate power.

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raiſes ſo many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea juſt *oppoſite* to what it ſeemed meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious artiſt painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Bloſſoms*, and thereby raiſes an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this ſort is the following:

† *The gaping clouds pour lakes of ſulphur down,*
Whoſe livid flaſhes ſickning ſunbeams drown.

What a noble Confuſion? clouds, lakes, brimſtone, flames, ſun-beams, gaping, pouring, ſickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

‡ *Thy head ſhall riſe, tho' buried in the duſt,*
And 'midſt the clouds his glittering turrets thruſt.

* Blackm. Iſa. c. xl. † Pr. Arthur, p. 37.
‡ Job, p. 107.

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head ?

* *Upon the ſhore, as frequent as the ſand,*
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians ſtand.

Quære, Where theſe Dimetians ſtood ? and of what ſize they were ? Add alſo to the *Jargon* ſuch as the following.

† *Deſtruction's empire ſhall no longer laſt,*
And Deſolation lye for ever waſte.

§ *Here Niobe, ſad mother, makes her moan,*
And ſeems converted to a ſtone in ſtone.

But for Variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit : As this of Mr. Dennis ‖,

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly ;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welſted ‡,

Behold the Virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* Sky.

To which thou may'ſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby Contraries and Oppoſitions are ballanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe, on a lady who made herſelf appear out of ſize, by hiding a young princeſs under her cloaths.

* Pr. Arthur, p. 157. † Job, p. 89. § T. Cook, Poems. ‖ Poems 1693, p. 13. ‡ Welſted, Poems, Acon and Lavin.

* *While*

* *While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape*
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely *to ſcape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning.

† *Sadly they charm, and diſmally they pleaſe.*

His eyes ſo bright
‡ *Let in the object and let out the light.*

§ *The Gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red.*

The ‖ *Fairies and their Queen*
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

¶ *All nature felt a reverential ſhock,*
The ſea ſtood ſtill to ſee the mountains rock.

CHAP. XI.

The Figures continued: Of the Magnifying and Diminiſhing Figures.

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: His Thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what is in nature. It muſt always be remembered that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the Profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief Figure of this ſort is,

1. The HYPERBOLE, or Impoſſible.

* Waller. † Steel on Queen Mary. ‡ Quarles. § Lee, Alex. ‖ Phil. Faſt. ¶ Black. Job, p. 176.

For inſtance, of a Lion;

* *He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,*
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him.

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the ſame.

Th' † obſcureneſs of her birth
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.

Of a Bull-baiting.

‡ *Up to the ſtars the ſprawling maſtives fly,*
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky.

Of a Scene of Miſery.

§ *Behold a Scene of miſery and woe!*
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe thoſe hundred eyes.

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *Magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect,

‖ *I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,*
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;

* Vet. Aut. † Theob. Double Falſhood.
‡ Blackm. § Anon. ‖ Anon

While

While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high.

III. The third claſs remains, of the *Diminiſhing*. Figures: And 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurprize.

On the extent of the Britiſh Arms.

* *Under the Tropic is our language ſpoke,*
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our Yoke.

On a Warrior.

† *And thou Dalhouſſy the great God of War,*
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

On the Valour of the Engliſh.

‡ *Nor* Art *nor* Nature *has the force*
To ſtop its ſteddy courſe,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenæans *keep it out,*
Nor fortify'd Redout.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurprizingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous. A ſurprize reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are theſe lines of a Leviathan at ſea,

§ *His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,*
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment ſeem.

* Wall. † Anon. ‡ Denn. on Namur.
§ Blackm. Job, p. 197.

Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* grey *with ſudden fear.*

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

* *Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,*
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted Ore.
Sometimes they hear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* Heaps of Cinders ſhov'd.

2. The VULGAR,

is alſo a Species of the *Diminiſhing:* By this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

† *The mighty* Stuffa *threw a maſſy ſpear,*
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, ſung *thro' the air.*

A Man raging with grief to a Maſtiff Dog:

‡ *I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,*
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw.*

And Clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity:

Diſtended *with the* Waters *in 'em pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt Maſter in this way: Hear how he fondles, like a meer ſtammerer.

§ Little Charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*

* Pr. Arthur. p. 157. † Pr. Arthur. ‡ Job, p. 41. § Amb. Philips on Miſs Cuzzona

Hither,

Hither, *Britiſh muſe* of mine,
Hither, *all ye* Græcian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurſeling *ſee*.

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, *white and green*.
When again the lambkins *play*,
Pretty Sportlings *full of* May.

Then the neck ſo white and round,
(Little Neck *with brillants bound*.)
And thy Gentleneſs *of mind*,
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind*) etc.
Happy *thrice*, *and* thrice agen,
Happieſt *he of* happy *men*, etc.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent Lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

* *Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep.*

Hear how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death:

† *That ever ſhe* could *die! Oh moſt* unkind!
To die, *and leave poor* Colinet *behind?*
And yet,—*Why blame I her?*——

With no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts, at their own deaths;

‡ *Ye brighter maids*, *faint emblems of my fair*,
With looks caſt down, *and with diſhevel'd hair*,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, *and moan*
Her death untimely, as it were your own.

* Philips's Paſtorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the ſame auther furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances:

* *Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,*
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)

† *To the grave Senate ſhe could counſel give,*
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive.)

‡ *He whom loud cannon could not terrify,*
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majeſty.)

§ *Happy, merry as a king,*
Sipping *dew, you* ſip, *and ſing.*

The Noiſe *returning with returning* Light,
What did it?

‖ *Diſpers'd the* Silence, *and diſpell'd the* Night.

You eaſily perceive the Nothingneſs of every ſecond Verſe.

¶ *The glories of proud* London *to ſurvey,*
The Sun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

Or in pretty drawling words like theſe,

† *All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,*
And his ſons' ſons, till there ſhall be no more.

* Ibid. † Phil. on Q. Mary. ‡ Ibid.
§ T. Cook, on a Graſhopper. ‖ Anon.
¶ Autor. Vet. † T. Cook, Poems.

The

The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remembred thee,
* *O Sion, Sion, lovely name.*

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

† *The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,*
The food of armies and support of wars.
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

‡ *Break thro' the billows, and---divide the main*
In smoother numbers, and---in softer verse.
§ Divide —*and* part—*the* sever'd *World*—in two.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated modern Poems.

* Ibid. vol. iv. p. 291. 4th Edit.
† Camp.
‡ Tonf. Misc. 120.
§ Ibid. vol. vi. p. 121.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Of Expreſſion, and the ſeveral Sorts of Style of the Preſent Age.

THE *Expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It muſt not be always *Grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, ſometimes uſe the wrong Number; *The Sword and Peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour*. * Sometimes the wrong Caſe; *And who more fit to ſooth the God than thee?* inſtead of *thou*: And rather than ſay, *Thetis ſaw Achilles weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

We muſt be exceeding careful in two things: firſt, in the *Choice* of *low Words*: ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are naturally bleſs'd with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt Citizen, who had made *Proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my laſt cited author, who, tho' otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

† *If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,*
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee.

‡ *full of days was he;*
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee.

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. † Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11.
‡ Idem, p. 17.

§ *The*

* *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more*
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.

† *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,*
The moſt deſpis'd of all the Gods am I.

‡ *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,*
Tho' much more wiſe than I pretend to be.

Or theſe of the ſame hand.

§ *I leave the arts of poetry and verſe*
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewel.

Sometimes a ſingle *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship ſet on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

‖ *And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot Contagion* fry'd.

And in that deſcription of a World in ruins,

** *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.

So alſo in theſe.

†† *Beaſts tame and ſavage to the river's brink,*
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

‡‡ *He from the clouds does the* ſweet liquor ſqueeze,
That chears the Foreſt and the Garden *trees.*

* Idem, p. 19. † P. 34. ‡ P 38.
§ Tonſ. Miſc. 12° vol. iv. p. 292, fourth Edit. ‖ Pr. Arthur, p. 151. ** Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119.
†† Job, 263. ‡‡ Id. Job. 264.

It

It is alſo uſeful to employ *Technical Terms*, which eſtrange your ſtile from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanicks for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his * *Linen* was *finely ſpun*, and *bleached on the happy Plains*. † Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuiraſſiers*, and, if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtyle them

‡ *Freſh* Troops *of Pains*, *and* regimented *Woes*.

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figured we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we ſhall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

1. The FLORID Style,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *Loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds* and *Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind preſents you with the following Poſie:

§ *The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,*
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweets, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
To beautify and ſhade the grove,—

(which indeed moſt branches do.) But this is ſtill excelled by our Laureat,

* Prince Arthur, p. 19. † Ibid. p. 339.
‡ Job, p. 86. § Behn's Poems, p 2.

* *Branches*

* *Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,*
And shod and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.

Hear also our Homer.

† *His* Robe of State *is form'd of light refin'd,*
An endless Train *of lustre* spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory *made,*
With Pearl *celestial, and with Gems* inlaid:
Whence Floods *of joy, and* Seas *of splendor flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently studied: In Verse Mr. *Cibber's Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the works of the *Ancients*. This we rightly phrase *Doing* them into English, and *Making* them English; two expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner how*, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-house Politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at

* Guardian, 129 127. † Blackm. Pf. civ.

Snipsnap,

Snipſnap, and honeſt Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

* *See* Phœbus *now, as once for* Phaeton,
Has maſk'd his face, and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his ſable Chariot *do ſurround,*
And the dull Steeds ſtalk o'er *the* melancholy round.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

† *While rich* Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main.

(whence we alſo learn, that *Burgundy* and *Champaign* make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

‡ *He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,*
Where he his liquid Regiments *does keep,*
Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the ſea*;
Where they encamp, *and in their* ſtation ſtand,
Entrench'd *in* Works *of* Rock, *and* Lines *of Sand.*

Of two Armies on the point of engaging.

§ *Yon' armies are the* Cards *which both muſt play*;
At leaſt come off a Saver *if you may*:

* Amb. Philips. † Pr. Arthur, p. 16.
‡ Blackm. Pſ. civ. p. 261. § Lee, Sophon.

Throw

Throw boldly *at the* Sum *the Gods have* set ;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the *first Quality* ; and by the encouragement of the *Ladies*, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progress and Conquests may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris*, and are every where known by the *same Marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * and * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis.* *

And *selling of Bargains*, and *double Entendre*, and Κιββέρισμος and Ὀλδφιέλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL Style,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

* Won *by the summer's* importuning *ray*,
Th' eloping *stream did from her channel stray*,
And with enticing *sun-beams* stole away.

Of an easy Death.

† *When watchful death shall on his harvest look*,
And see thee ripe with age, invite *the hook* ;
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *Stalk*, *and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* Grave, *his* Granary.

* Black n. Job, p. 26. † Ibid. p 23.

Of

Of Trees in a Storm.

* *Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,*
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and
passes by.

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

† *The sparkling flames raise water to a* smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and lessens all the*
while.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous Visibility: When both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: One end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?——

See who is there?

‡ *Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,*
And tell me who comes yonder——

* Denn. † Anon. Tonf. Misc. Part vi. p. 224.
‡ Temp.

Shut

Shut the Door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.——

Bring my Cloaths.

Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,
To Man *himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,*
But would not give me Cloaths.——

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the Candle.

Yon' Luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the Letter.

* *Wax! render up thy trust.*—

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door,
Set Bacchus *from his glassy prison free,*
And strip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat.*

* Theob. Double Falshood.

CHAP. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now established good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos, do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together: To this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing

Nothing is more evident than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to the formation of ſome particular Trope or Figure. Ariſtotle ſaith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in thoſe Gentlemen a wonderful propenſity toward it, which is marvellouſly improved by Travelling: Soldiers alſo and Seamen are very happy in the ſame Figure. The *Periphraſis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipſis* or ſpeech by half words, of Miniſters and Politicians, the *Apoſiopeſis* of Courtiers, the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whiſperers and Backbiters, and the *Anadiploſis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *Sarcaſm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Beargarden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the Houſe of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the Society (as hath been propoſed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphoriſt* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Compariſons*, to the *Ironiſt* for his *Sarcaſms*, to the *Apothegmatiſt* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propoſe that there be contrived with all convenient diſpatch, at the publick expence, a

Rhetorical Chest of Drawers, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestioned Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyrics, or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works, as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a *short Way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric*: Every man is *honourable*, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable than

private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like thoſe of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more ſtrongly inherent, the leſs they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich, the leſs he ſpends. All great Miniſters, without either private or oeconomical Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Poſts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*, juſt by paying *Publick intereſt*, couragious and magnanimous by the *Fleets* and *Armies*, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Succeſs*. They have by their Office, a right to a ſhare of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; beſides they are by *Preſcription immemorial* inveſted in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predeceſſors* in the ſame ſtations, eſpecially thoſe of their own Anceſtors.

As to what are commonly called the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Diſhonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But foraſmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we ſhould put ſome things in a ſtrong light, and throw a ſhade over others, I ſhall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The firſt and chief rule is the *Golden Rule* of *Tranſformation*, which conſiſts in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift, and will not pay a juſt Debt, may have his Injuſtice *tranſformed* into Liberality; Cowardice may be metamorphoſed into Prudence; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowſhip; Corruption into Patriotiſm; and Lewdneſs into Tenderneſs and Facility.

The ſecond is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain, the leſs a Man is endued with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully beſtowed, eſpecially

eſpecially thoſe good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has?*

The Reverſe of theſe Precepts will ſerve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoſo loſeth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his ſhare in *publick Praiſe* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly publick ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical Juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be uſed in the Praiſe and Diſpraiſe of Miniſterial and Unminiſterial Perſons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren, to obſerve the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *Ears* in a *Pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the Criticks agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I ſhall hear endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe who confeſs

they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a profeſſed Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a Poem, 'tis eaſily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of an old Poem, Hiſtory-book, Romance, or Legend (for inſtance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for *long Deſcriptions*: Put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and *evaporate* in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

Theſe you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leiſure: Be ſure you *ſtrain* them ſufficiently. For

For the MANNERS.

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*; male and female, as many as you can use: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *Spirits* from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit.— 2

That

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightning and Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit:* mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quicksand. Brew your Tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish.* Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town.* If such a Description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration*, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum.*

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller.*

CHAP. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and humble Thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most Undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors*, and to all *the Succession of our Successors*, that to this present Day they continue to *Out-do* even their *own Out-doings:* And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brushed off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a *Co-temporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest Critics and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a Project signed with their Names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is proposed, that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante

Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. That a spacious Building be erected at the Publick expence, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* Spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of Children and Nurses to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerset-House* may not be demolished, and a Theatre built upon that Site, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all Projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readiest manner convey those eminent Personages from Courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by Curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to see their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the *Theatre* aboveſaid be environed with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *Critics* and *Poets*; out of

of whom *Six* of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the Laureat for the time being, may be always one. The Head or Preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt ancient *Poet* and *Critic* to be found in the whole Iſland.

5. The *Male Players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid Quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *Actreſſes* are to make their beds, and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *Library* to conſiſt of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *Council of Six* to ſit and deliberate on the Merits of *Plays*. The *Majority* ſhall determine the Diſpute; and if it ſhould happen that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the Preſident ſhall have a *caſting Voice*, unleſs where the Contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the Theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſick, they may give *Signs* (before ſettled and agreed upon) of Diſlike or Approbation. In conſequence of theſe Signs the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd?

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the publick expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the son of a *Critic*.

10. If it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit Murder, except upon the Stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *Debt*, it is proposed that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James*'s, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paultry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or

Critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs without being liable to an *Arreſt*.

11. The forementioned Scheme in its ſeveral regulations may be ſupported by Profits ariſing from every Third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe that ſo many perſons could live without any food (though from the former courſe of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed ſufficient) the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe Profits, the ſaid perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder, and Lightning, but *Paint*, *Diet-drinks*, *Spitting-pots*, and all other *Neceſſaries* of *Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If ſome of the Articles may at firſt view ſeem liable to Objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entruſted to the great Officers of ſtate) this may be obviated, by ſwearing thoſe *Six* Perſons of his Majeſty's Privy Council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable Board.

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Virgilius Reſtauratus:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

Summi Critici,

Caſtigationum in Aeneidem

SPECIMEN.

AENEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus poene mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriae occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque Criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quae ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus, de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra Libro ipſi praefigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. Specimen LIBRI PRIMI.

Ver. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Arma Virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercaei Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Aeoli, ut ſequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Aeneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quiſquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?

Et quiſquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*. et procul-dubio ſic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem.*

Non *fidum.* quia Epitheton *Achatae* notiſſimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput.
Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus—*Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virûm.
Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm*, quae, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi*, pleonaſmus eſt: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. ſimili modo Noſter de Camilla, Æn. xi. *Illa vel intactae ſegetis per ſumma volaret*, etc. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et ſaxa volant, *furor arma miniſtrat.*
Jam *faces* et ſaxa volant, *fugiuntque miniſtri:*

uti ſolent, inſtanti periculo---*Faeces facibus* longe

praeſtant; quid enim niſi faeces jactarent vulgus ſordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte ſub adverſa *ſcopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo.

Fronte ſub adverſa *populis prandentibus* antrum. Sic malim, longe potius quam *ſcopulis pendentibus*: Nugae! nonne vides verſu ſequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *ſedilia* ad diſcumbendum dari? In quorum uſum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Proſpicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Tres littore *corvos*
Aſpicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* ſequuntur
A tergo——

Cervi, lectio vulgata, abſurditas notiſſima: haec animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis neſcit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnorit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noſter alibi,

Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.

Omen praeclariſſimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter obſervatum, ut patet ex Hiſtoricis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyades, *geminoſque Triones*.
Error graviſſimus. Corrigo,---*ſeptemque Triones*.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* ſuccedite noſtris.
Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione,

et

et quae unica voce et torum et menſam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc ſenſum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. v. 19.

Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere *culpae:*
Anna! fatebor enim---

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* ſcil.] potui ſuccumbere; *culpas*,
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *ſuccumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;

Inde toro *Pater* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;

Inde toro *ſatur* Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Aeneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, ſcil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant*, tautologice dictum. In manuſcripto perquam rariſſimo in patris muſeo legitur, *ore gemebant*; ſed magis ingenioſe quam vere. *Satur* Aeneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio ſurrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus ſcriptum fuiſſe: quod ſatis conſtat ex perantiqua illa Britannorum

cantilena vocata *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in haec verba,

The Child may rue that is unborn.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiae regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenae raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quaeque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quaeque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui—

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Aeneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?—

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver.

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* coelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſidera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina*, quae *latentia* poſtquam *praecipitantur*, Aurorae adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojae *ſupremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *breve ter* Trojae *ſuperúmque* audire *labores*.

Curae noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojanii) magis compendioſe (vel, ut dixit ipſe, *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuiſſe Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores Expoſcit*: *Ter* enim pro *ſaepe* uſurpatur. *Trojae*, *ſuperúmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. v. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.—

Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque reſurgit*.

Reſurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. VER.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis *Equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Aedificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.
Tracti et *repulſi*, Antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *Equam Graecam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; ſolae enim femellae utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recuſſo Inſonuere cavae — Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere — Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *foeta* non convenit maribus, —*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Foeta *armis* — Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putet? Incredibile prorſus! quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equae* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

Stradling *verſus* Stiles.

Le Report del Caſe argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Juſtices de meſme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Styles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglice*, Pyed Horſes, poſt. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Caſe.

SIR John Swale, of Swale-Hall in Swale-Dale, faſt by the River Swale, Kt. made his Laſt Will and Teſtament: In which, among other Bequeſts, was this, *viz.* Out of the kind Love and Reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horſes.* The Teſtator had ſix black Horſes, ſix white Horſes, and ſix pyed Horſes.

The

The Debate therefore was, Whether
Le Point. or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed Horses by Virtue of the said Bequest.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. moy semble que le Pl. recovera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part, or thing Bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which, by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and constituted for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Common-weal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in Favour of Horses.

1st Edw. VI. Makes the Transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom, no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40 l.

2d and 3d Edward VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed: These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take Care of their own Posterity, than by also taking Care of that of their Horses.

And

And of so great Esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Walter Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease, reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be severed: Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of an Horse.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; for when two Extremes, or remotest Ends of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also the very Letter of the Words.

By the Word Black, all the Horses that are Black are deviſed; by the Word White, are deviſed thoſe that are White; and by the ſame Word, with the Conjunction Copulative, and, between them, the Horſes that are Black and White, that is to ſay, Pyed, are deviſed alſo.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice verſa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horſes are deviſed, Pyed Horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch Deviſe; but Black and White Horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the Pl. ſhall have the Pyed Horſes.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, Mon ſemble al' contrary, The Plaintiff ſhall not have the Pyed Horſes by Intendment; for if by the Deviſe of Black and White Horſes, not only Black and White Horſes, but Horſes of any Colour between theſe two Extremes, may paſs, then not only Pyed and Grey Horſes, but alſo Red or Bay Horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be abſurd, and againſt Reaſon. And this is another ſtrong Argument in Law, *Nihil quod eſt contra rationem eſt licitum*; for Reaſon is the Life of the Law, nay, the common Law is nothing but Reaſon; which is to be underſtood of artificial Perfection and Reaſon gotten by long Study, and not of Man's natural Reaſon; for *nemo noſcitur Artifex*, and Legal Reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio*; and therefore if all the Reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make ſuch a Law as the Law of England; becauſe by many Succeſſions of Ages it has been fixed and

refixed by grave and learned Men; ſo that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem.*

As thereforе pyed Horſes do not come within the Intendment of the Bequeſt, ſo neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed Horſe is not a white Horſe, neither is a pyed a black Horſe; how then can pyed Horſes come under the Words of black and white Horſes?

Beſides, where Cuſtom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Deviſes, Feoffments, and Grants, that certain Name ſhall be made uſe of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Deſcriptions ſhall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Juſtice.

Le reſte del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in Arreſt of Judgment, that the pyed Horſes were Mares; and thereupon an Inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le Court adviſare vult.

MEMOIRS of P. P.

CLERK of this PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to himself*: But, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the *true Spirit of Memoir-Writers*.

IN the name of the Lord. *Amen*. I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Parish-clerk; and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this Land; such I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire *Bret*, did add one Bell to the ring of this Parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same "day did give to this our Church two rare gifts, "its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was further-more obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as *The Lady and Death*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *Chevy-Chaſe*; and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm next after Maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who (it muſt be confeſſed to the Glory of God) was a moſt excellent Pariſh-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to Ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſett of bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an Hat that was edged with ſilver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained an hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountred George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, Tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I adminiſtred to my comfort, ſaying within himſelf, "What man "is there, howſoever dextrous in any craft, who

"is

" is for aye on his guard ?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate; and to do away mine offences and make her some attonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Minister (who had long look'd on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present Wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powder'd gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise and ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the Priest. When I raised the psalm, how

did my voice quaver for fear! And when I array'd the ſhoulders of the Miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, "Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt "before men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr. Juſ- "tice Freeman, the grave Mr. Juſtice Tonſon, "the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gen- "tlewomen her daughters, nay the great Sir Tho- "mas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young "maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one day be Lord "of this Manor:" Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he diſcharged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular he inſiſts on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuſes which had crept into the Church.

Firſt, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, tho' ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munch'd at Church. But verily it pity'd me, for I remember'd the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, the pews and benches which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I caus'd every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

Fifthly

Fifthly and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender, (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water) and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring Clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the Miniſter in cleaner linen.

Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his uſual occupations as a handy-craftſman.

Shoes, ſaith he, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of Dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion, there paſſed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearſed: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhav'd the Prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſhball, and with lamp-black powdered his perriwig. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: He was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady, to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt be own'd that when he ſpeaks as a Shoemaker he is very abſurd. He talks of Moſes's pulling off his ſhoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the Bulls of Baſan, of Simon the* Tanner, *etc. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that, when the Apoſtles were inſtructed to travel* without ſhoes, *the precept did not extend to their ſucceſſors.*

The next chapter relates how he diſcover'd a Thief with a bible and key, and experimented verſes of the Pſalms that had cured Agues.

I paſs over many others which inform us of pariſh affairs only, ſuch as of the Succeſſion of Curates; *a liſt of the* weekly Texts; *what* Pſalms *he choſe on proper occaſions; and what Children were* born *and* bury'd: *The laſt of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the ſhame of women may not endure, I ſpeak not of Baſtards; neither will I name the Mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the pariſh: Even her who hath done penance in the ſheet will I not mention, foraſmuch as the church hath been witneſs of her diſgrace: Let the father, who hath made due compoſition with the Church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, reſt in peace; my pen ſhall not bewray him, for I alſo have ſinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revelation in the Church, part of which I tranſcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the pſalms of King David ſhould be hymn'd unto

the ſame tunes to which he play'd them upon his harp; (ſo was I inform'd by my Singing-maſter, a man right cunning in Pſalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was inſtituted the Sol-fa, in ſuch guiſe as is ſung in his Majeſty's Chapel. We had London ſinging maſters ſent into every pariſh, like unto Exciſe-men; and I alſo was ordained to adjoin myſelf unto them, though an unworthy diſciple, in order to inſtruct my fellow-pariſhioners in this new manner of Worſhip. What tho' they accuſed me of humming through the noſtril, as a Sacbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy pariſh-clerks of London ſtill to preſerve the ſame. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a pſaltery, and the Church on the Sunday was filled with theſe new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full ſeventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-ſuits *of the Parſon and his Pariſhioners concerning tythes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earneſt deſire that the* hiſtory might be compleated by any of his ſucceſſors, in whoſe time theſe ſuits ſhould be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the ſums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine ſeveral times, 2 s. and 7 d. ¾. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1 s. ½. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, etc.

In the next he laments the diſuſe of Wedding-ſermons, and celebrates the benefits ariſing from theſe at Funerals, concluding with theſe Words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceaſed grudge the ſmall expence of an hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten

ſhillings, for the ſatisfaction they are ſure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or boſom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but after great encomiums concludes, that, notwithſtanding all, ſhe was an unprofitable veſſel, being a barren woman, and never once having furniſh'd God's church with a chriſtening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much ſtagger'd in his belief, and diſturbed in his conſcience, by an Oxford ſcholar, who had proved to him by logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal ſouls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if ſo, they might be allowed chriſtian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the pariſh.

In the two following chapters he is overpower'd with vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admitted to all the feaſts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pariſh. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himſelf. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Uſe of Texts. Let a preacher (ſaith he) conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for Courtiers and court-ſerving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the firſt Miniſter

niſter to appoint a preacher before the Houſe of Commons, would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words; *Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Miniſtry be not blamed*, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praiſing the warm zeal of an Adminiſtration, *Who maketh his Miniſters a flaming fire*, Pſalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the ſtyle of the book riſes extremely. Before the next chapter was paſted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the oppoſite page all on a foam with Politicks.*

We are now (ſays he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our High Church at heart, neither would I at any ſeaſon mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of Fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf that much profit might accrue unto our Pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did inſtitute a weekly Aſſembly of divers worthy men at the Roſe and Crown Alehouſe, over whom myſelf (tho' unworthy) did preſide. Yea, I did read unto them the Poſt-Boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves. Our ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late Exciſeman; Thomas White, Wheel-wright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

He

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed an horse of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle, by the Mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space, the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at London, so that even the Bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same to other members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a sudden, from his own Life, to a history of all the publick Transactions of Europe, compiled from the Newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small Astonishment) that all the Measures of the four last years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been usually attributed to the E——of O——, D of O——, Lords H—— and B——, and other great men; do here most plainly appear, to have*

been

been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.

The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here abſtracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpoſe; but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who ſaid he could not be poſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all he could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for* ſwallowing Loaches, *and remembered by ſome people by a* black and white Cur with one Ear, *that conſtantly followed him.*

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O Reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this Stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never ſpareth none.

OF THE

POET LAUREATE.

November 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that Solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius: and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X, the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy*; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him*, who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain country-man of Apulia, (whether a *shepherd* or *thresher*, is not material.) "This man (says Jovius) excited by the "fame of the great encouragement given to poets "at court, and the high honour in which they "were held, came to the city, bringing with him

" a ſtrange kind of lyre in his hand, and at leaſt " ſome *twenty thouſand of verſes*. All the wits " and critics of the court flocked about him, de- " lighted to ſee a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale com- " plexion, and in his own long hair, ſo top full of " poetry; and at the firſt ſight of him all agreed " he was born to be *Poet Laureate* *. He had a " moſt hearty welcome in an *iſland* of the river " Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Rich- " mond) where he was firſt made to *eat* and " *drink plentifully*, and *to repeat his verſes to every* " *body*. Then they adorned him with a new and " elegant garland, compoſed of *vine-leaves*, *lau-* " *rel*, and *braſſica* (a ſort of cabbage) ſo compoſed, " ſays my author, emblematically, *Ut tam falſe quam* " *lepide ejus temulentia*, *braſſicæ remedio cohibenda*, " *notaretur*. He was then ſaluted by common " conſent with the title of *archipoeta*, or *arch-* " *poet*, in the ſtyle of thoſe days, in ours, *Poet* " *Laureate*. This honour the poor man received " with the moſt ſenſible demonſtrations of joy, his " eyes drunk with tears and gladneſs †. Next, the " public acclamation was expreſſed in a *canticle*, " which is tranſmitted to us, as follows:

Salve, braſſicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis.

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, thro'

* Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus feſta laurea videretur.

† Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

the

the ſhouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The hiſtorian tells us further, " That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth " verſes innumerable, like a torrent, but alſo *ſung* " them with *open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* " introduced, or on *ſtated* days (like our Laureates) but made a *companion* to his *maſter*, and " entertained as one of the inſtruments of his *moſt* " *elegant pleaſures*. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. " When the prince had * half eaten his meat, he " gave with his own hands the reſt to the poet. " When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's " own flaggon, inſomuch (ſays the hiſtorian) that " thro' ſo great good eating and drinking he con- " tracted a moſt terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curioſity unſatisfied in the cataſtrophe of this extraordinary man. To uſe my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatiſque poetis, etc.* " When Leo died, and " poets were no more." (for I would not underſtand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppreſſed with *old age* and *want*, he miſerably periſhed in a *common hoſpital*.

We ſee from this ſad concluſion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a ſurer ſupport than the *temporary*, or at beſt, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubt-

* Semeſis opſoniis.

leſs

leſs for this conſideration, that when the Royal Bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *ſettle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the ſtation of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been choſen, tho' never ſo much greater Genius's might ariſe in his time. A noble inſtance, how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the Laureate. In the firſt place the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as eſſential to the honour, as the *butt of ſack* to the ſalary.

Secondly, the *braſſica* muſt be made uſe of as a qualifier of the former. It ſeems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenneſs*; a power the French now aſcribe to the onion, and ſtyle a ſoup made of it *ſoupe d'Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *braſſica*, if Mr. Dennis be choſen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not ſo neceſſary, unleſs the cabbage be ſuppoſed to ſignify the ſame thing with reſpect to *poets* as to *taylors*, viz. *ſtealing*. I ſhould judge it not amiſs to add another plant of this garland, to wit, *ivy*: Not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* muſt be compoſed and ſung in laud and praiſe of the new Poet. If Mr. CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himſelf: And no man, I am ſure, can *ſing* it ſo affectingly. But what this canticle ſhould be, either in his or the other candidate's caſe, I ſhall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *publick ſhew*, or *entry* of the poet: To ſettle the order or proceſſion of which, Mr. Anſtis and Mr. DENNIS ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: One, of procuring an *elephant*; the other of teaching the poet to ride him: Therefore I ſhould imagine the next animal in ſize or dignity would do beſt; either a *mule* or a large *aſs*; particularly if that noble one could be had, whoſe portraiture makes ſo great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unleſs I am miſinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—Unleſs Mr. CIBBER be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he chooſe the water, upon one of his own *ſwans* from *Cæſar in Ægypt*.

We have ſpoken ſufficiently of the *ceremony*; let us now ſpeak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. Firſt, we ſee he muſt be able to make verſes *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. TIBBALD. Secondly, he ought to *ſing*, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: Here, I confeſs the excellency of Mr. CIBBER. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him: If a large one be thought too cumberſome, a ſmall one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order; and be very much a grace to the perſon. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *ſtomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny conſtitution can diſcharge it. I do not think CIBBER or TIBBALD here ſo happy: but rather a ſtanch, vigorous, ſeaſon'd, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could alſo wiſh at this juncture, ſuch a perſon as is truly jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry*; no joker, or trifler; but a bard in *good*

earneſt; nay, not amiſs if a critic, and the better if a little *obſtinate*. For when we conſider what great privileges have been loſt from this office (as we ſee from the fore-cited authentick record of Jovius) namely thoſe of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flaggon*, becoming even his *domeſtick* and *companion*; it requires a man warm and reſolute, to be able to claim and obtain the reſtoring of theſe high honours. I have cauſe to fear, moſt of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of miniſters, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: Yet I am not without hopes, there is *one*, from whom a *ſerious* and *ſteddy* aſſertion of theſe privileges may be expected; and, if there be ſuch a one, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, it is Mr. DENNIS the worthy preſident of our ſociety.

GUARDIANS.

N° 4. March 16, 1713.

THOUGH moſt things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle word, the Cuſtom ; yet there are ſome, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the leſs excuſe on that very account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe conſequence as 'tis generally uſed by people of politeneſs, and whom a learned education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter ſentiments. This proſtitution of Praiſe is not only a deceit upon the groſs of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned ; but alſo the better ſort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that deſire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the meritorious and undeſerving. Nay, the author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a value for the patron, can find no terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by flatterers. Even Truth itſelf in a Dedication is like an honeſt man in a diſguiſe or Vizor-Maſque, and will appear a Cheat by being dreſt ſo like one. Tho' the merit of the perſon is beyond diſpute, I ſee no reaſon, that, becauſe one man is eminent, therefore another has a right

to be impertinent, and throw praiſes in his face 'Tis juſt the reverſe of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a perſon was advanced to triumph for his ſervices: they hired people to rail at him in that Circumſtance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reaſon obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a ſign-poſt; except it be a leſs injury to touch the moſt ſacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this point, but the patron's permiſſion beforehand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt authors proceed in this affair juſt as a dawber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was uſed to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my notion of the thing in a word: to ſay more to a man than one thinks, with a proſpect of intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it, fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an undertaking, muſt of neceſſity at once think himſelf in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering Dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few Dedications, but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons.

ſons. I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs while his own writings were working off. 'Tis obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqu'd upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo, 'tis certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon, this morning. The reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of

learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothick ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows. *** "Though it is a kind of "prophanation to approach your Grace with so "poor an offering, yet when I reflect how accept- "able a sacrifice of first fruits was to Heaven, in the "earliest and purest ages of religion, that they "were honoured with solemn feasts, and conse- "crated to altars by a Divine command; *** Upon "that consideration, as an argument of particular "zeal, I dedicate *** 'Tis impossible to behold "you without adoring; yet dazzled and aw'd by "the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred "power, that refines their flames, and renders "them pure as those we ought to offer to the "Deity. **** The shrine is worthy the divinity "that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what "woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to "the purity and perfection of Angels. And we "adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubt-

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious Dedications, could not but convince the Ducheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred praiſes appropriated to the honour of the deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book either Proſe or Verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed; and might run in this manner.

The AUTHOR to Himſelf.

Moſt Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, that it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhown to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts, which 'tis poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you,

I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyrick: But ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing I ſo much deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but, 'till then, can only aſſure you, that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend, and

The greateſt of your Admirers.

N° 11. Tueſday, March 24, 1713.

Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite
Hor. Sat. iii. lib. v. 80.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

"AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who "any way contribute to the Public Good, I "flatter myſelf I may claim your Countenance and "Protection. I am by Profeſſion a Mad Doctor, "but

" but of a peculiar kind, not of thoſe whoſe Aim " it is to remove Phrenzies, but one who make it " my Buſineſs to confer an agreeable Madneſs on " my Fellow-Creatures, for their mutual Delight " and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the Philo- " ſophers, that Happineſs and Miſery conſiſt chief- " ly in the Imagination, nothing is more neceſ- " ſary to Mankind in general than this pleaſing " Delirium, which renders every one ſatisfied with " himſelf, and perſuades him that all others are " equally ſo.

" I have for ſeveral Years, both at home and " abroad, made this Science my particular Study, " which I may venture to ſay I have improved in " almoſt all the Courts of Europe; and have re- " duced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a Method, as to " practiſe it on both Sexes, of what Diſpoſition, " Age, or Quality ſoever, with Succeſs. What " enables me to perform this great Work, is the " Uſe of my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand* " *Elixir*, to ſupport the Spirits of human Nature. " This Remedy is of the moſt grateful Flavour in " the World, and agrees with all Taſtes whatever. " 'Tis delicate to the Senſes, delightful in the Ope- " ration, may be taken at all Hours without Con- " finement, and is as properly given at a Ball or " Play-houſe as in a private Chamber. It reſtores " and vivifies the moſt dejected Minds, corrects " and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge " of a Man's ſelf. One Doſe of it will inſtantly " diſperſe itſelf through the whole Animal Syſ- " tem, diſſipate the firſt Motions of Diſtruſt ſo as " never to return, and ſo exhilarate the Brain and " rarify the Gloom of Reflection, as to give the " Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Vivacity of Be- " haviour, and a pleaſing Dependance upon their " own Capacities.

" Let

" Let a Perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe " him not to deſpair; even though he has been " troubled many Years with reſtleſs Reflections, " which by long Neglect have hardened into ſet- " tled Conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung " with Satire may here find a certain Antidote, " which infallibly diſperſes all the Remains of " Poiſon that has been left in the Underſtanding " by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart againſt the " Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of Epi- " grams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as " has been often experienced by ſeveral Perſons of " both Sexes, during the Seaſons of *Tunbridge*, " and the *Bath*.

" I could, as further Inſtances of my Succeſs, " produce Certificates and Teſtimonials from the " Favourites and Ghoſtly Fathers of the moſt emi- " nent Princes of Europe; but ſhall content myſelf " with the Mention of a few Cures, which I have " performed by this my *Grand Univerſal Reſtora-* " *tive*, during the Practice of one Month only " ſince I came to this City.

Cures in the Month of February, 1713.

" George Spondee, Eſq; Poet, and Inmate of " the Pariſh of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, fell in- " to violent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third " Night. He had been frighted into a Vertigo by " the Sound of Cat-calls on the Firſt Day; and " the frequent Hiſſings on the Second made him " unable to endure the bare Pronunciation of the " Letter S. I ſearched into the Cauſes of his Diſ- " temper; and by the Preſcription of a Doſe of " my *Obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum Artem*, reco- " vered him to his natural State of Madneſs. I " caſt in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill taſte of* " *the Town*, *Envy of Criticks*, *bad Performance of* " *the Actors*, and the like. He is ſo perfectly cured,

" that

" that he has promiſed to bring another Play upon
" the Stage next Winter.

" A Lady of profeſſed Virtue of the Pariſh of St. James's Weſtminſter, who hath deſired her
" Name may be concealed, having taken Offence
" at a Phraſe of double Meaning in Converſation,
" undiſcovered by any other in the Company, ſud-
" denly fell into a cold Fit of Modeſty. Upon a
" right Application of Praiſe of her Virtue, I
" threw the Lady into an agreeable waking Dream,
" ſettled the Fermentation of her Blood into a
" warm Charity, ſo as to make her look with Pa-
" tience on the very Gentleman that offended.

" Hilaria, of the Pariſh of St. Giles's in the
" Fields, a Coquette of long Practice, was by the
" Reprimand of an old Maiden reduced to look
" grave in Company, and deny herſelf the Play
" of the Fan. In ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch
" melancholy Circumſtances, that ſhe would ſome-
" times unawares fall into Devotion at Church. I
" adviſ'd her to take a few *innocent Freedoms with*
" *occaſional Kiſſes*, preſcribed her the *Exerciſe of the*
" *Eyes*, and immediately raiſed her to her former
" State of Life. She on a ſudden recovered her
" Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her
" Glances, and for theſe two Sundays laſt paſt has
" not once been ſeen in an attentive Poſture. This
" the Church-Wardens are ready to atteſt upon
" Oath.

" Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mo-
" hock, was almoſt induced by an aged Bencher
" of the ſame Houſe, to leave off bright Conver-
" ſation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He
" was ſo ill that his Hat began to flap, and he
" was ſeen one Day in the laſt Term at Weſt-
" minſter-Hall. This Patient had quite loſt his
" Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Diſtillation
" of a few of my viviſying Drops in his Ear,

" drew

" drew him from his Lethargy, and reſtored him " to his uſual vivacious Miſunderſtanding. He is " at preſent very eaſy in his Condition.

" I will not dwell upon the Recital of the in- " numerable Cures I have performed within Twen- " ty Days laſt paſt; but rather proceed to exhort " all Perſons of whatever Age, Complexion or " Quality, to take as ſoon as poſſible of this my " intellectual Oil; which applied at the Ear ſeizes " all the Senſes with a moſt agreeable Tranſport, " and diſcovers its Effects, not only to the Satiſ- " faction of the Patient, but all who converſe " with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or " her that receives the kindly infection. It is of- " ten adminiſtred by Chamber-Maids, Valets, or " any the moſt ignorant Domeſtic; it being one " peculiar Excellence of this my Oil, that 'tis moſt " prevalent, the more unſkilful the Perſon is, or " appears, who applies it. It is abſolutely neceſ- " ſary for Ladies to take a Doſe of it juſt before " they take Coach to go a-viſiting.

" But I offend the Publick, as Horace ſaid, " when I treſpaſs on any of your Time. Give me " leave then, Mr. Ironſide, to make you a preſent " of a drachm or two of my Oil; though I have " cauſe to fear my preſcriptions will not have the " effect upon you I could wiſh: Therefore I do " not endeavour to bribe you in my Favour by the " Preſent of my Oil, but wholly depend upon " your publick Spirit and Generoſity; which, I " hope, will recommend to the World the uſeful " endeavours of,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Faithful, moſt Devoted, moſt Humble Servant and Admirer,

GNATHO.

† Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

" N. B.

" N. B. I teach the Arcana of my Art at reasonable rates to Gentlemen of the Universities, " who desire to be qualified for writing Dedications ; and to young Lovers and Fortune-hunters to be paid at the day of Marriage. I instruct persons of bright Capacities to flatter " others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

" I was the first Inventor of Pocket Looking-" Glasses.

N° 40. Monday, April 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of some former papers on the Subject of PASTORALS.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

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1. I Designed to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral ; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral formed upon the representation of Innocence ; 'tis therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two

of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by inchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder: As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by * Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the criticks in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as paſtorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather Select poems than Paſtorals; I might have ſaid the ſame thing with no leſs truth of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the criticks, viz. They never meant them all for paſtorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of Paſtoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he is ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obſolete Roman Language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh: For example, might he not have ſaid *quoi* inſtead of *cui*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, etc. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*,

* See Rapin de Carm. par. iii.

make

make mock for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, etc. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: Whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy and Colin Clout.

5. So eaſy as paſtoral writing may ſeem (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books. It muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated *ſome ſingle thoughts* of the ancients well enough (if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an Univerſity education) but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe *whole third* paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of Paſtoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale ſhows with what exactneſs he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our own country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment deſcribed Wolves

Wolves in England in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Seaſon of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who in his paſtoral of November mentions the mournful ſong of the Nightingale,

Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſleep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardiner; his roſes, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffidils, blow all in the ſame ſeaſon.

7. But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary Paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternately?

Hobb. *Come, Roſalind, O come, for without thee*
What pleaſure can the country have for me?
Come, Roſalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm and all, is thine.

Lanq. *Come, Roſalind, O come; here ſhady bowers,*
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers.
Come, Roſalind; here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright Poetry:

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,*
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph.

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,*
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by,*
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,*
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

Streph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,*
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. *The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,*
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies;
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral Preſents. Philips ſays thus of a Sheep-hook,

Of ſeaſon'd elm; where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures :

where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines ;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year ;
And, what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie ?

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil : but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric ?

And what that hight, which girds the welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen ?

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any further in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former with the fourth and firſt of the latter ; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhown ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, That beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances out of a hundred not yet quoted :

O woeful day ! O day of woe ! quoth he,
And woeful I, who live the day to ſee !

The ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion) are extremely elegant.

In

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me! the luckleſs day,
Ah luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them, without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excells: For example:

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

——*He that late lies down, as late will riſe,*
And ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoaring lies.

——*Againſt Ill-luck all cunning foreſight fails;*
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

——*Nor fear, from upright ſentence, wrong.*

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral Counties. Spencer ſeems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the ſcene of one of his Paſtorals in Wales; where with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unuſual and elegant manner:

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers :

Hur was hur, while it was day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, etc.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, entituled, A Paſtoral Ballad : which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect Paſtoral. It is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved as a further beauty of this Paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking :

Cicily. *Rager, go vetch tha * Kee, or elſe tha Zun*
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Roger. *Thouſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee*
To dreve our bull to bull tha Parſon's Kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of *Jealouſy* ; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows :

Cicily. *Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,*
When in yon Vield you kiſs'd tha Parſon's maid :
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the Wake thou brought'ſt me ginger-bread ?

* That is, the Kine or Cows.

Roger.

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'ſt me valſe,—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha Parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me.

In which anſwer of his, are expreſſed at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of Paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world:

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhow my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the ſame road with this old Weſt Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Paſtoral writer; ſince, upon the whole, he is of the ſame claſs wtih Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that (according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry) they are by no means Paſtorals, but ſomething better.

N°. 61. May 21, 1713.

Primoque a caede ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum. OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs, in proportion, accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals, on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, Bear baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the

firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breaſts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies where-ever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtick may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of Owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only

an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of Sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling and weeping creature.

Questuque cruentus,
Atque Imploranti similis.

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipp'd to death, Fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outragious luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their

their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchins covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance beſtraw'd with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect: "That 'tis no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly "which has no ears. Yet if (ſays he) we are "aſhamed to be ſo out of faſhion as not to offend, "let us at leaſt offend with ſome diſcretion and "meaſure. If we kill an animal for our proviſion, let us do it with the meltings of compaſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a "living creature to death; we at leaſt deſtroy a "ſoul that has ſenſe and perception." In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man to diſcourſe in this manner: "It ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to "mankind, that our humanity has a wider ſphere "to exert itſelf in, than bare juſtice. It is no more "than the obligation of our very birth to practiſe "equity to our own kind; but humanity may be "extended thro' the whole order of creatures, "even to the meaneſt: ſuch actions of charity "are the over-flowings of a mild good nature on all "below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horſes and dogs, "not only in expectation of their labour while they

" they are foals and whelps, but even when their " old age has made them incapable of ſervice."

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation, that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the ſenate for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſert iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetick lines applicable to this occaſion:

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitaque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum—
Quam male conſuevit, quam ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro

Rumpit,

Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human, with which providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—"Should "I not ſpare Nineveh the great city, wherein are "more than ſixſcore thouſand perſons—And alſo "much cattel?" And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it in thoſe words: "If "thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou "ſhalt not take the dam with the young: But "thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go, that it "may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt "prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing thro' a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to

it.

it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the adder) than what you men practiſe every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the uſage of Men (reply'd the Tree) by its contrary. I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred years to protect them from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to ſaw my body into planks. Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo: I know it, ſaid the Cow, by woful experience; for I have ſerved a man this long time with milk, butter and cheeſe, and brought him beſides a Calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired of courteſy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to get into ſo narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in

in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

N°. 91. June 25, 1713.

ineſt ſua gratia parvis. VIRG.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

SIR,

" I Remember a ſaying of yours concerning perſons in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their littleneſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves in all their behaviour. Indeed the obſervation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being ſomething more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

" I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to hear, that a ſett of us have formed a ſociety, who are ſworn to dare to be ſhort, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the noſes of thoſe enormous engroſſers of manhood, thoſe hyperbolical monſters of the Species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

" The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of December, being the ſhorteſt of the year, on which we are to hold an annual Feaſt over a diſh of Shrimps.

" The place we have choſen for this meeting is in the little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the performers

" performers of which, we have, as becomes us, " a brotherly affection.

" At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman " brought her ſon to the Club-Room, deſiring he " might be educated in this School, becauſe ſhe " ſaw here were finer boys than ordinary. How- " ever, this accident no way diſcouraged our de- " ſigns. We began with ſending invitations to " thoſe of a ſtature not exceeding five foot, to re- " pair to our aſſembly; but the greater part re- " turned excuſes, or pretended they were not qua- " lified.

" One ſaid, he was indeed but five foot at pre- " ſent, but repreſented that he ſhould ſoon exceed " that proportion, his perriwig-maker and ſhoe- " maker having lately promiſed him three inches " more betwixt them.

" Another alledged, he was ſo unfortunate as to " have one leg ſhorter than the other, and who- " ever had determined his ſtature to five foot, had " taken him at a diſadvantage; for when he was " mounted on the other leg, he was at leaſt five " foot two inches and a half.

" There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs " of our meaſures, and others inſtead of complying, " returned us informations of people yet ſhorter " than themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one " recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, " whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to " be leſs than he. We were not a little aſham'd, " that thoſe who are paſt the years of growth, " and whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould " be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, " as the moſt aſpiring children when they are " meaſured.

" We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club- " Room, and provide conveniencies for our ac- " commodation. In the firſt place we cauſed a

" total

" total removal of all the chairs, ſtools, and tables,
" which had ſerved the groſs of mankind for many
" years.

" The diſadvantages we had undergone while
" we made uſe of theſe, were unſpeakable. The
" Preſident's whole body was ſunk in the elbow-
" chair, and when his arms were ſpread over it,
" he appeared (to the great leſſening of his dig-
" nity) like a child in a go-cart: It was alſo ſo
" wide in the ſeat, as to give a wag occaſion of
" ſaying, that, notwithſtanding the Preſident ſate
" in it, there was a *Sede Vacante*.

" The table was ſo high, that one who came
" by chance to the door, ſeeing our chins juſt above
" the pewter diſhes, took us for a circle of men
" that ſate ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a
" dozen Barbers.

" Another time, one of the Club ſpoke in a lu-
" dicrous manner of the Preſident, imagining he
" had been abſent, when he was only eclipſed by
" a flaſk of Florence, which ſtood on the table in
" a parallel line before his face.

" We therefore new furniſhed the room in all
" reſpects proportionably to us; and had the door
" made lower, ſo as to admit no man of above
" five foot high without bruſhing his foretop,
" which whoever does is utterly unqualified to ſit
" among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.

" I. If it be proved upon any member, though
" never ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much
" as poſſible to get above his ſize, by ſtretching,
" cocking, or the like; or that he hath ſtood on
" tiptoe in a crowd, with deſign to be taken for as
" tall a man as the reſt; or hath privily conveyed
" any large book, cricket, or other device under

" him

" him to exalt him on his ſeat : every ſuch offender " ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for a whole " month.

" II. If any member ſhall take advantage from " the fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of " his dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, " or otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is, " it is ordered, he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, " and a red feather in his hat ; which may appa- " rently mark and ſet bounds to the extremities of " his ſmall dimenſion, that all people may readily " find him out between his hat and his ſhoes.

" III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for " his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half " in height ; that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a " Scotch galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and " the overplus of the money ſhall treat the Club.

" IV. If any member, in direct contradiction " to the fundamental laws of the Society, ſhall " wear the heels of his ſhoes exceeding one inch " and half ; it ſhall be interpreted as an open re- " nunciation of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall " inſtantly be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed " in expelling a member ſhall be in theſe words ; " Go from among us, and be tall if you can !"

" It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſo- " ciety, that ſince the race of mankind is granted " to have decreaſed in ſtature, from the beginning " to this preſent, it is the intent of Nature itſelf, " that men ſhould be little ; and we believe, that " all human kind ſhall at laſt grow down to per- " fection, that is to ſay, be reduced to *our own* " *meaſure.*"

N°. 92. June 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq;

" YOU are now acquainted with the nature " and deſign of our inſtitution; the Cha- " racter of the members, and the topicks of our " Converſation, are what remain for the ſubject of " this Epiſtle.

" The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly " are a little Poet, a little Lover, a little Politician, " and a little Heroe. The firſt of theſe, Dick " Diſtick by name, we have elected Preſident: " not only as he is the ſhorteſt of us all, but be- " cauſe he has entertained ſo juſt a ſenſe of his " ſtature, as to go generally in black, that he may " appear yet leſs. Nay, to that perfection is he " arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks. The figure " of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little " creature, with long arms and legs: a Spider is " no ill emblem of him: he has been taken at a " diſtance for a ſmall Windmill. But indeed what " principally moved us in his favour was his ta- " lent in Poetry, for he hath promiſed to under- " take a long work in ſhort verſe to celebrate the " heroes of our ſize. He has entertained ſo great " a reſpect for Statius, on the ſcore of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

" that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole " Thebaid for the ſake of little Tydeus.

" Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the " moſt gallant lover of the age. He is particular-

" ly nice in his habiliments; and to the end ju-
" ſtice may be done him that way, conſtantly
" employs the ſame artiſt who makes attire for the
" neighb'ring Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr.
" Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines
" him ſometimes to boaſt of the favours of the
" Fair. He was t'other night excuſing his abſence
" from the club on account of an aſſignation with
" a Lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a
" tall one too) who had conſented to the full ac-
" compliſhment of his deſires that evening: But
" one of the company, who was his confident,
" aſſured us ſhe was a woman of humour, and
" made the agreement on this condition, that his
" toe ſhould be tied to hers.

" Our Politician is a perſon of real gravity, and
" profeſſed wiſdom: Gravity in a man of this ſize,
" compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, ap-
" pears like the gravity of a Cat compared with
" that of a Lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed
" to talk to himſelf, and was once over-heard to
" compare his own perſon to a little cabinet,
" wherein are locked up all the ſecrets of ſtate,
" and refined ſchemes of Princes. His face is pale
" and meagre, which proceeds from much watch-
" ing and ſtudying for the welfare of Europe, which
" is alſo thought to have ſtinted his growth: for
" he hath deſtroyed his own conſtitution with tak-
" ing care of that of the nation. He is what
" Monſ. Balzac calls, a great Diſtiller of the max-
" ims of Tacitus: when he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly,
" and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich
" you too faſt with his obſervations; like a lim-
" beck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract
" of the little that is in it.

" The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim. Tuck, the
" Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the
" length of his Sword, which interſects his per-

" ſon

" ſon in a croſs line, and makes him appear not
" unlike a Fly that the boys have run a pin thro',
" and ſet a walking. He once challenged a tall
" fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with
" his elbow, as he paſſed along the ſtreet. But
" what he eſpecially values himſelf upon is, that
" in all the campaigns he has made, he never once
" duck'd at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim.
" was full as large at fourteen years old as he is
" now. This we are tender of mentioning, your
" little Heroes being generally cholerick.

" Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven
" our converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns
" upon ſuch accidents, whether fortunate or un-
" fortunate, as are daily occaſioned by our ſize:
" theſe we faithfully communicate, either as mat-
" ter of mirth, or of conſolation to each other.
" The Preſident had lately an unlucky fall, being
" unable to keep his legs on a ſtormy day; where-
" upon he informed us it was no new diſaſter, but
" the ſame a certain ancient Poet had been ſubject
" to; who is recorded to have been ſo light that
" he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt the wind,
" with lead on one ſide, and his own works on
" the other. The Lover confeſt the other night
" that he had been cured of love to a tall woman,
" by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scar-
" ron, with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively.
" Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his
" unſucceſsful adventures: and as for the Politi-
" cian, he declares himſelf an utter enemy to all
" kind of burleſque, ſo will never diſcompoſe the
" auſterity of his aſpect by laughing at our adven-
" tures, much leſs diſcover any of his own in this
" ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any ac-
" cidents that befal him, is by way of complaint,
" nor is he ever laugh'd at but in his *Abſence*.

" We are likewiſe particularly careful to communicate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, " or characters of illuſtrious perſonages, as any " way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck " having but juſt reading enough for a military " man, perpetually entertains us with the fame " ſtories, of little David that conquered the mighty " Goliah, and little Luxembourg that made Louis " xiv. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little " Alexander the great. Dick Diſtick celebrates " the exceeding humanity of Auguſtus, who call- " ed Horace *lepidiſſimum homunciolum*; and is won- " derfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scarron, for " having ſo well deſcribed their diminutive forms " to poſterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, " againſt a great Reader and all his adherents, that " Æſop was not a jot properer or handſomer than " he is repreſented by the common pictures. But " the Soldier believes with the learned perſon " above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an " impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch an " unmannerly piece of Satire on little warriors, as " his Battle of the Mouſe and the Frog. The " Politician is very proud of a certain King of " Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſ- " ſures us, was a perſon of a very low ſtature, but " far exceeded all that went before him in diſcre- " tion and politicks.

" As I am Secretary to the club, 'tis my buſi- " neſs, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the " tranſactions: this has enabled me to ſend you " the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other " memoirs. We have ſpies appointed in every " quarter of the town, to give us informations of " the miſbehaviour of ſuch refractory perſons as re- " fuſe to be ſubject to our ſtatutes. Whatſoever " aſpiring practices any of theſe our people ſhall " be guilty of in their Amours, ſingle Combats,

" or

" or any indirect means to manhood, we shall " certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the " world, for their punishment and reformation. " For the President has granted me the sole pro- " priety of exposing and shewing to the town all " such intractable Dwarfs, whose circumstances " exempt them from being carried about in Boxes: " reserving only to himself, as the right of a Poet, " those smart characters that will shine in Epi- " grams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the " name of the club.

BOB. SHORT, *Secretary.*

N°. 173. September 29, 1713.

Nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG.

I Lately took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension, that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or, if you will, Villa's) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano. tonſilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi ;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned Nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This was the taſte of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcriptions extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden ; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe (one may obſerve) conſiſts intirely of the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, etc. The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the ſeventh Odyſſey, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in thoſe times of ſimplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was encloſed all round for defence ; and for conveniency joined cloſe to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were ſtandards and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion

ceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the Garden; as alſo the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the uſual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf: we run into ſculpture, and are yet better pleaſed to have our Trees in the moſt aukward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
Implexos late muros, et moenia circum
Porrigere, et latas e ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra:
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
Parte alia frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque, ſpiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature: On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that fineſt

which is leaſt natural. A Citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like thoſe of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country ſeat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you ſee the Champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of Greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent Town-Gardiner, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the meer barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo Gardiner, who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Ever-greens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great ſtorm; Eve and the Serpent very flouriſhing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in Box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the ſame, with a tail of Ground-Ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Thoſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the black Prince in Cypreſs.

A Lauruſtine Bear in Bloſſom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben. Johnſon in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of a pennyworth.

A quick-ſet Hog ſhot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pigg, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardneſs.

He alſo cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, ſo that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Horn-beam.

Thy Wife ſhall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy table.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrival'd. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great Genius's: The utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely:* For Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them, to which the Invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common Criticks are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe

becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequall'd fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀῤ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο·

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: It grows in the progreſs both upon

on himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: In Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: In Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: In Shakespear, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: But in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself

himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *Soul of poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: Or of such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, *the return of* Ulysses, *the settlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger of* Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have used the same practice, but generally carry'd it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces

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in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus. If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the Loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable*: If we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapp'd up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning

ing changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner: it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines* in a philoſophical or religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: None have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: Every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: And here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurpriſing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening

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to advice and subject to command: That of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: The courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: We find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *wisdom*; and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, besides, characters of *courage*; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs thro' them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it thro' the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how

infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: All which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficent to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes in-

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to very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimiles*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide views, unobſerved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: And it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He,

was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: And in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more conſpicuous: Like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heighten'd the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and filled the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet Κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of mount Neritus in that of Εινοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others, which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (tho' but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe Epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his *verſification*, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention

vention in that. He was not satisfy'd with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but search'd thro' its differing *dialects* with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: He consider'd these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feebler *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the criticks to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: Indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural *sound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verse*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was

very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer criticks have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiriting vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſported*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *rais'd* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition

poſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: It is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: Each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief *objections* against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantick bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *speaking horses*, and Virgil his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: It runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for

for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following * *Essay*: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that † those times and manners are so much "the more excellent, as they are more contrary "to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reign'd thro' the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shock'd at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and

* See the Articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay.

† Preface to her Homer.

Princesses

Princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light, will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt Antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirrour of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-ey'd* Pallas, the *ſwift-footed* Achilles, etc. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believ'd to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: As Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſome-

thing

thing parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other men, a divine race. who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the islands of the blessed* *. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these Criticks never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odyssey above the Æneis: as that the Hero is a wiser man; and hte action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: Or else they blame him

* Hesiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. v. 155, etc.

for

for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes thro' a false delicacy and refinement, oftner from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: And in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monsr. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpass'd him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequal'd by his followers, he still continues superior to them.

A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one sort* of Criticks; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of poetry, but excells all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallow'd up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty Tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant thro' a richneſs of nature) might be lopp'd into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the orginal, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaim'd; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſider'd what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: And I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: However, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great ſecret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterr'd from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh Critick. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: Some of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the *ſublime*;

others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle) others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extreams one could sooner pardon frensy than frigidity: No author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignify'd simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: 'Tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand, to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attain'd a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consign'd to mystery and religion.

For

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those *moral sentences* and *proverbial speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorn'd gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: Those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects; and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best Poets, and are become familiar thro' their use of them; such as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word

word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet πτοοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis: The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: Therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, tho' it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: But one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employ'd; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not un-

graceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: When they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: If they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Versification*. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possest of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavour'd at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has

frequent

frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odyssey, v. 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but thro'

careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language. But the fate of great genius's is like that of great miniſters, tho' they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envy'd and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: In particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: Not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity:

quity: Perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs, than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the publick, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; tho' I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon

that occaſion in ſuch terms, as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the publick. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyrick) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers. Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: That his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) ſo complete a Praiſe.

Read Homer once, *and you can read no more*;
For all Books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer *will be all the Books you need.*

That the Earl of Hallifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing

to

to his generosity or his example. That such a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critick of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: And I am satisfy'd I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shewn me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the

ſatisfaction of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

PREFACE

TO THE

Works of SHAKESPEAR.

IT is not my deſign to enter into a criticiſm upon this author; tho' to do it effectually and not ſuperficially, would be the beſt occaſion that any juſt writer could take, to form the judgment and taſte of our nation. For of all Engliſh poets Shakeſpear muſt be confeſſed to be the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm, and to afford the moſt numerous, as well as moſt conſpicuous inſtances, both of beauties and faults of all ſorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the buſineſs of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the diſadvantages under which they have been tranſmitted to us. We ſhall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A deſign, which though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him juſtice in one way, will at leaſt be ſufficient to prevent their doing him an injuſtice in the other.

I cannot however but mention ſome of his principal and characteriſtic excellencies, for which (not-

(notwithſtanding his defects) he is juſtly and univerſally elevated above all other dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any author deſerved the name of an *Original*, it was Shakeſpear. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded thro' Ægyptian ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakeſpear was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an Inſtrument, of Nature; and 'tis not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that 'tis a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every ſingle character in Shakeſpear is as much an individual, as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his Plays, that, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſs'd in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſo different

ferent inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurprized the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the Paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: in the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: So that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the philoſopher and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It muſt be owned that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think

I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpear, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *Tradeſmen* and *Mechanicks:* And even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our author's wit buoys up, and is born above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant;

a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till Ben Johnſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, etc. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their Tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

To judge therefore of Shakeſpear by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them: without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleaſed to call immortality: Some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerved, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and

and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The dates of his plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe men it was thought a praiſe to Shakeſpear, that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Johnſon in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the firſt folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of Henry* VI. which was firſt

publiſhed

publiſhed under the title of *the Contention of York and Lancaſter:* and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praiſe by ſome, and to this his errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly defects; but ſuperfœtations; and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forced expreſſions, etc. if theſe are not to be aſcribed to the aforeſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charged upon the poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two diſadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much reading at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another.

Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural philoſophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning and mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Johnſon's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than Shakeſpear. We have tranſlations from Ovid publiſhed in his name, among thoſe poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton:) He appears alſo to have been converſant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his

plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to say in what language he read them.) The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two noble Kinsmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and Ben Johnson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Johnson had much the more learning, is was said on the one hand that Shakespear had none at all; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Johnson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Johnson borrowed every thing. Because Johnson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of Authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum*

genus inimicorum laudantes, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
Cingito, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Johnson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespear. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakespear, which shews as if the friendship had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the Players. Ben Johnson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (tho' certainly he is not so in this instance)

ſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and ſtate, as with thoſe monſters deſcribed by the poets; and that their heads at leaſt may have ſomething human, tho' their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of Shakeſpear's want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt publiſhers of his works. In theſe editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches ſolus.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: Their very Welſh is falſe. Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Ariſtotle, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. Ben Johnſon (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome* Latin; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be Shakeſpear's.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of theſe almoſt innumerable errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not Shakeſpear only, but Ariſtotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appeared to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſhed by him, is the exceſſive careleſſneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midſummer Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus and Creſſida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy

fanty was occaſioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two Players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the quarto's.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe quarto's by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns would ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act. iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: And I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes)

either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*. I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the play-houſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome places their very * names are through careleſsneſs ſet down inſtead of the *perſonæ dramatis*: And in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text, thro' the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *acts* and *ſcenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

* *Much ado about nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of Balthaſar. And in Act iv. *Cowley*, and *Kemp*, conſtantly thro' a whole ſcene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Some

Some characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakeſpear introduces a kind of Maſter of the revels called Philoſtrate; all whoſe part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the ſubſequent editions: So alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: Or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt playhouſes were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, etc.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then meer players, not gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the buttery by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and conſequently were entirely deprived of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had Shakeſpear publiſhed his works himſelf

ſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Titus Andronicus*) that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſioned ſome plays to be ſuppoſed Shakeſpear's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give ſtrays to the Lord of the manor: a miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the houſe to remove. Yet the players themſelves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakeſpear the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what Ben Johnſon ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New-Inn*.) That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakeſpear was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

If

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of characters and perſons, wrong application of ſpeeches, corruptions of innumerable paſſages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his firſt editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which Shakeſpear's writings lie at preſent; for, ſince the abovementioned folio edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapſed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharged the dull duty of an Editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakeſpear

ſpear himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly that every removal of place is ſpecify'd; which is more neceſſary in this Author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently: and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by comma's in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of Criticiſm (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them.) Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the Author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon

pariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

END of the SIXTH VOLUME.

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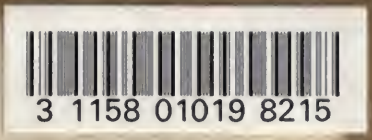
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